



AURORA

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Laura H. Whitmore



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A U R O R A
AND
OTHER POEMS

BY
LAURA A. WHITMORE



BOSTON
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1913

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TO
JAMES HERMAN WHITMORE
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To J. H. W.

I*F thou some echoes of thyself dost find
Among my wandering rhymes, and if dost
read,*

*Between the lines, breathings of heart and mind
That thou, of all the world, alone canst heed—
Think it not strange. Such comradeship we
know,*

*So freely hast thou given thy highest thought,
So freely dost thou of thy best bestow,*

*That on my mental vision hath been wrought
Reflection of thine own. Now what I see*

*Is more than what alone I might have seen.
Thought evermore is tinged with thoughts
from thee,*

*Bringing a sense of double vision keen.
Nature, art, friends, an added value take
When loved for their own charm and for thy
sake.*



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Aurora

THE night so dark,
No tiny spark
In all her million eyes!
Each little star
Is veiled afar
Behind the inky skies.

The night so long,
No cheer or song
To drive my gloom away!
On bed of pain
I turn again
And watch for coming day.

I watch, and lo!
The east doth show
That morn is on the way;
For well I know
That faint gray glow
Is harbinger of day.

And wider still,
The east to fill,
Spreads out that line of gray.
This be a sign
That light divine
Shall chase my gloom away.

The line of light
 Swift follows night
 And broader still appears.
 My heart is glad,
 My heart is sad,
 Like one who smiles through tears.

My hope and joy
 Have this alloy:
 I counsel with my fears.
 My heart is glad,
 My heart is sad,
 Like one who distant hears

The pious hymn,
 In convent dim,
 Through vaulted arches ring,
 When sisters sweet,
 With music meet,
 Their early matins sing.

My soul, I ween,
 Hath senses keen,
 For, lo! in eastern skies,
 With gracious mien,
 Each like a queen,
 Gray nuns of heaven arise.

Serene and fair
 They mount heaven's stair;
 They neither smile nor frown;
 In upper air
 They kneel in prayer,
 Their long robes floating down.

Almost I hear,
 Now sweet and clear,
 Their tuneful voices blend
 With morning star,
 That from afar
 An echo back doth send.

Is that the sky
 Where lately I
 Could see no sign of day?
 Where over all,
 Like murky pall,
 The Night's black mantle lay?

Like peaceful chime
 From some far clime,
 A voice speaks to my soul:
 "Night's word is 'trust,'
 Day's motto 'must':
 Have faith, do good, be whole.

“With every night
 Fast follows light;
 So peace shall follow pain.
 See, now! below
 The early glow
 Aurora and her train!”

At that glad word
 The sky is stirred,
 The Orient aflame.
 Aurora and
 Her joyous band
 Shine forth in Morning's name.

Her mantle red
 Is wide outspread
 To catch the wooing wind.
 In fold on fold,
 Her robe of gold
 Is floating out behind.

She wears with grace
 A scarf of lace
 Wrought in the looms of God.
 Her blessed feet,
 For joy so fleet,
 With sandals bright are shod.

Her coronet
Is proudly set.
The beauteous morning star,
Its only gem,
This diadem
Emblazes from afar.

As high she flies
O'er hills that rise,
O'er valley, lake and town,
O'er sea and land,
From either hand
She raineth flowers down.

With glance and smile
She doth beguile
The rivers into play.
They leap and lunge,
They skip and plunge,
And blossom into spray.

And, taking wing,
Birds upward spring
To pour their liquid mirth
In joyous song
The clouds among,
And praise Aurora's birth.

On every side
 Like rushing tide
 A band of fairies bright,
 From out the deep,
 Far up the steep,
 Are springing into sight.

They fade and flash,
 They leap and dash,
 They spread a crimson lawn
 Far up on high
 In eastern sky
 And dance to honor Dawn.

Then with mad rush
 And clash and push
 The gay sprites float and rise,
 Until with light
 Of morning bright
 They fill the waiting skies.

And as they rush,
 Each cloud they brush
 Becomes an isle of gold
 In sapphire sea.
 Such alchemy
 Is wondrous to behold.

They smile and beam,
 They glance and gleam,
 O'er the horizon low
 Each bends and up
 In ruby cup
 Brings sunbeams from below.

With lavish hand,
 O'er all the land,
 They fling them far and wide.
 Lo! jewels rare,
 Through ambient air,
 Rain down on every side.

The King of Day,
 Not far away,
 Doth follow on apace.
 Forever he
 Is mad to see
 The lovely Morning's face.

Coquettish, she
 Doth ever flee,
 Nor heeds his smile or frown;
 For well she knows,
 From all his bows,
 No shaft can bring her down.

Each merry sprite
 For sudden flight
 Spreads wide cerulean wing.
 With mocking bow,
 Behold them now,
 Bend low before the King.

“The King is here!”
 As if in fear
 They cry, “so no more play.”
 Up comes the sun
 Upon the run
 And drives them all away.

So hand in hand,
 A happy band,
 They pass beyond my ken,
 On some far shore,
 The ocean o’er,
 To play their pranks again.

.
 My cares are sped,
 My gloom is fled,
 I joyful rise and pray
 That in the night,
 When woe hath might,
 I may remember day.

My Elm Tree

THE shadows lie deep on the green velvet
lawn,

Above them the branches sway soft in the
breeze,

The birds that sang loud at the peep of the
dawn

Have hushed their glad notes in the tops of
the trees.

How sweet, as I sit at my window, ye look,

O cool falling shadows afloat o'er the sod;

Ye seem a new page in the life-giving book

That tells of the infinite goodness of God.

The shadows below prove the sunshine above;

The darker they fall, the more light hath
the sky.

So shadows of life, as around me they move,

When deepest shall tell me Thou, God, art
most nigh.

Then gently, oh branches, swing on at your
ease,

And gently, ye shadows, play over my lawn.

Ye birds wake the morn, or be voiceless, ye
trees,

My heart hath its joy both at noontide and
dawn.

No cool roving shadows, in restless array,
 Could fall from the trees on this garden
 of mine,
 Did not over over all the bright monarch of
 day
 Through ether and azure munificent shine.

Come shadows, come sorrows, Thou God art
 my Sun!

Through branches that sway, to the crys-
 talline blue
 Look up, oh, my soul, for the Infinite One
 Is show'ring His radiant love upon you.

Faith, Hope and Love

FAITH, Hope and Love are three angels
 That sail with us out of the bay.

Faith taketh the helm at starting
 And steereth the course all the way.

Hope lighteth signals at evening
 And still on the lookout doth stay.

Love spreadeth white wings above us
 And guardeth through darkness to day.

Thus reach we the longed for haven,
 And anchor forever and aye.

The Lesson of the Pool

AMONG the rocks that guard Nan-
 tasket's shore,
 Climbing one day, I found a silent pool,
 Whose peaceful water, clear and crystalline,
 Reflected back an image of the sky
 So fair, it seemed an inverse azure dome
 Bedecked with fleecy clouds of spotless white.
 Each little bird that high in heaven above
 Did beat with joyous wing the ambient air
 Might look and find his mirrored likeness
 there.

Nor was reflected heaven all that lay
 Enshrined within the heart of that still pool.
 Down deep beneath the placid water shone
 A floor of rich mosaic. Countless shells,
 That once the homes of living creatures were,
 Innumerable pebbles, whose bright hues
 The rainbow's self might envy, here were laid
 In pattern all unequaled by the hand of man;
 And from the unhewn sides of the great rocks,
 The mystic, veiling seaweed floated wide,
 Revealing beauty that it seemed to hide.

Were I but like to thee, thou mirror bright,
 Like thee girt round about with shelt'ring
 rocks,

Might I not lift my heart to God's own sky,
In mine own soul reflect the love of heaven,
Till men might look and naught but beauty
find?

What then were breaker's roar or threat'ning
wave?

Enshrined in holy heart so crystal clear
The image of high heaven would appear;
And deep within in wonderful array,
The rainbow hues of thought would flash and
play

Beneath those shadows, dim, mysterious,
Wherein the secret of all being hides,
Open to hearts where love divine abides.

O blessed pool! and will thy waters pure
Forever image back the gracious sky?
Will peace dwell with thee and thy rocks of
strength

Protect against the swelling of the flood?
How vain the thought! E'en now with wrath-
ful roar

The tide is knocking at thy open door.

Didst know, oh little pool with shining face,
That thou art product of that foaming tide?
Wert born from out the tumult of the waves,
What time the hoary ocean lifted high
His loving arms to clasp the glowing moon,

That high above rode in her golden car?
 And daily thou must drink the foaming cup
 That from the heart of ancient ocean wells,
 Must feel thy steadfast portals beat about
 By great incoming waves that rush and roar
 And overwhelm the rocks along the shore.

This is thy life, for know, the golden sun,
 Thou smilest in such ecstasy to see,
 Would drink thy crystal wavelets, one by one,
 Nor ever heed thy dire extremity.
 Did not the love-tide of the gray old sea
 Refill thy bowl and bring new life to thee,
 Soon naught were left of all thy beauty rare,
 Nor man nor bird might seek an image there.

Then, oh my soul, in thine own hours of ease,
 When heaven dwells within and storms seem
 far,
 Consider well the lesson of the pool.
 Thou may'st not sit at ease the whole day
 through,
 New floods of life must fill thy crystal bowl,
 Lest thou, grown stagnant, lose the blessed
 power
 To image the divine in thine own self,
 And facing always the sun's fiery glare
 Become as parched as desert places are.

With courage then, oh soul, welcome the tides
And storms that o'er thy inmost being roll,
When back they flow to the great ocean's
heart

Thou wilt be grateful that they came to thee.
E'en storms of grief that stir thy deepest
depths

'Mid darkness black as dreaded Sheol's shades
Shall bring thee life from out the surging sea,
Shall be God's messengers of hope to thee.

I thank Thee, God and Father, for such tides;
They are the pulse-beats of almighty love;
They scale the barriers which here divide
The finite from the infinite. They come
To empty me of self and selfish pride,
The stagnant waters of my life to free
And fill my soul with love and life from Thee.

Memory

MEMORY throws a golden glow
Over things that shone not so
As they passed:

And the years that fly so fleet
Might not seem to us so sweet
Did they last.

Immanence and Tran- scendence

HIGHER than the highest heaven,
The rapt spirit that aspireth;
Deeper than the deepest ocean,
The deep spirit that inquireth:

God above us, lifting upward
To His infinite salvation,
God within us, looking outward
On the works of His creation.

His the majesty enthronéd
High above heaven's highest spaces,
His the loveliness unfolded
In the nearest, dearest faces.

And our spirits leap to meet Him
O'er the infinite abysses.
Or behold His love reflected
In a prattling infant's kisses.

.
Swift-winged thought that roameth far
To depth of ocean, height of star,
In glowing Pleiad, lowly clod,
Finds everywhere the power of God.

To Florida

SUNSHINE and showers,
And fragrant flowers,
And all that make our summers fine,
Throughout the year,
The whole glad year,
O gentle Florida, are thine.

We come to thee
That we may see
The miracle of grace thou art.
In winter even
To thee 'tis given
To wear the rose upon thy heart.

On thy warm breast,
Too, sweetly rest
The violet and pansy shy.
Their color bright,
Pencil of light
Hath copied from thy own blue sky.

Toward that sky,
Are lifted high
Thy "fronded palms" and stately pines,
And live oaks decked
With growth unchecked
Of swaying moss and clinging vines.

While winter wind,
 With voice unkind,
 Doth loudly call at every door
 In the cold North,
 Thou standest forth
 Bedecked with flowers from shore to shore.

And luscious fruit,
 Each taste to suit,
 The grape-fruit and the tangerine,
 Pineapple rare
 And orange fair
 Within thy favored bounds are seen.

And while the gale
 May rend the sail
 And strew with wrecks the Northern sea,
 Thy zephyrs gay
 The green boughs sway
 And fill the land with ecstasy.

Blow, blizzard, blow!
 Heap high the snow,
 Fantastic over fence and wall!
 Thou hast thy day,
 We, far away,
 Heed not how loudly thou dost call.

A little "dark,"
 Gay as a lark,
 Below our window whistles free;
 And bird on bough
 Uplifteth now
 His voice to answer merrily.

Our hearts rejoice:
 We, too, would voice
 The rapture of the time and place;
 Our voices raise
 To sing thy praise,
Our Florida with smiling face.

With hearts care-free
 Like children we
 In gladness each new day begin;
 Thank God we're here,
 And bless thee, dear,
 And drink thy gracious sunshine in.

Transformation

THE dewdrop, a diamond in morning's light,
 Was a tear that fell for the shades of
 night;
 So the sorrow that grieves you to-night, my
 dear,
 Will be joy when the morning breaketh clear.

South Beach, St. Augustine

THE sinking sun slowly goes to his rest
 Low down behind the great white hills of
 sand,
 Whereon is written that the sea may read,
 "Thus far, no farther, shalt thou rushing
 come."
 Each chalky crest is crowned with tall straight
 palms,
 Dark silhouettes against the western sky;
 They stand like candles ready for the torch
 To touch their tufted tops and bid them flame
 A message to the mariners at sea,
 That they may know their nearness to the
 shoals.

Slowly behind the dunes the sun goes down.
 Upward the slanting rays now seem to strike;
 Crossing high heaven they flood the eastern
 sky
 With colors bright, and in a moment flash
 Thereon pictures with such divineness filled,
 That eye and soul and heart enraptured gaze.

Clouds that erstwhile a gloomy look had worn,
 Now blush like rosy Morn waking in joy.

They signal to each other, flaunting flags,
Purple and gold and crimson, and all shades
Of color that the beauteous rainbow wears.

And, now, lo! all the earth and sea beneath
Catch the warm glow reflected from the sky.
The swelling waves beyond the broad'ning
beach
On their white breasts bear ever-changing
lights.
Wet sands, where late waves of the ebbing
tide,
Sighing and sobbing sought a moment's rest,
Become one great fire opal, stretching far
Along where white-plumed emerald breakers
Lower their pride and kiss the waiting shore.

But night comes on, the sun has closed his
eye,
And sleeps behind the western curtained vault
Of heaven; the clouds have lost their glory;
Emeralds fade; the opal's fire burns out,
And as the darkness gathers we can hear
The sobbing undertone of the sad sea,
Its long waves beating on the lonely shore.

So come away, the hour of glory past,
And let us muse upon the vision bright

That we have seen. Small good to us it were
To see with eye of flesh alone; rather,
Let us behold with spiritual sight,
Far searching into things divine, visions
That lie behind the things our eyes may see.

Some souls are like the clouds in upper air,
That see the sun when from the world he hides
His glowing face. 'They catch the light divine
That from the face of God shines down to
men,

Reflecting far His glory in their lives;
While others, living on a lower plane,
Noting the beauty that such souls reflect,
Drawn from the source of light and life and
love,
Look up to these, and from their lamps of
grace
Catch golden gleams of love to light them
home.

Then, if at times, from our low point of view,
We may not see His ever gracious face,
We'll trust Him still, and looking to the light
That flames from other souls divinely 'lumed,
Know that God *is* and that they shine by Him.

The Southern Moon

THE moon rides high in the southern sky,
 And as she her path to the zenith takes,
 Around us the round black shadows fall
 From the tufted tops of the palm-trees tall;
 The waving moss in the light breeze shakes,
 While the moon rides high.

High rides the moon as the sun at noon.
 From her pathway exalted looking down,
 She sees, 'neath the trees, how to and fro
 The lovers of moonlight walking go
 Through quiet streets of the quaint old town,
 As high rides the moon.

The moon rides high in the southern sky,
 And we wander down to the river-side.
 Each tiny wave on Halifax stream,
 With her golden reflection all agleam,
 Is hurrying on to meet the tide,
 While the moon rides high.

She smiles on high in the vaulted sky,
 And the heart of the distant ocean thrills.
 We hear the sound of his plashing waves,
 As the tide sweeps in from his salt-sea caves.
 The spirit of joy his bosom fills
 When she smiles on high.

The moon rides high in the southern sky.
 From the dizziest path she does not shrink,
 No step nor stop in her way sublime;
 We watch her up to the zenith climb,
 As we sit and think by the river's brink
 While she mounts on high.

Above us on high, queen of the sky,
 She rides in her beautiful golden car.
 A soft effulgence she raineth down
 Over the river and over the town,
 And in our hearts there shineth a star
 While she climbs the sky.

We sit and think by the river's brink
 Of friends who have gone on a journey far;
 Eye may not follow their distant flight;
 Yet our hearts are warmed by the love and
 light
 Shining for us wherever they are.
 Of them we think.

Of them we think by the river's brink
 In the mellow light of the southern moon.
 Each wave of memory still doth bear
 The unfading face of some loved one fair,
 Who bade us farewell, alas! too soon
 At the river's brink.

For them we yearn, and our spirits turn
 Where the beautiful star of hope doth rise
 With a softer light than the southern moon,
 A more cheering light than the sun at noon.
 In the spirit's vision of Paradise
 That star doth burn.

He Cares

WHEN the way is lone and the shadows
 fall,

He cares.

When the storm clouds lower and the night
 winds call,

He cares.

Every shadow of earth His love shall pierce,
 He cares.

Hushed shall be the voice of the night wind
 fierce,

He cares.

Back shall roll the gloom that here o'erawes,
 Shot through with light ineffable because

He cares.

On wings of faith, all doubt and gloom above,
 The soul shall rise and meet the smile of love

He wears.

Sonnets of the Sea

THE SEA AND HUMAN LIFE

YE bounding waves, that in the morning
light

Leap high to kiss the newly risen sun,
How like to youthful spirits fair and bright
Ecstatic looking on life just begun.

Majestic sea, 'neath blazing sun of noon,
Thou still art like our changing human life;
Peaceful or tempest-tossed, or late or soon,
Reflecting both its glory and its strife.

O sobbing sea, along the shadowy shore
Making thy moan when shining sun hath
set,
How like to life when hope is seen no more,
And pain and sorrow the sad spirit fret!

Mysterious sea, we but thy moods do scan;
E'en so we view the deeper life of man.

FAITH AND THE SEA-BIRD

The fearless sea-bird spreadeth gladsome wing
 For flight to distant rock begirt with foam,
 Where with his mate and younglings he may
 sing
 Of dangers passed and safe arrival home.

Against the clouds I see his white wings shine;
 The tempest awes him not, nor stays his
 flight.
 His course he keeps high o'er the billowy
 brine;
 Love is his guide, and love will guide
 aright.

Oh, had I courage as the sea-bird hath
 The tempest's wrath to face, nor fear its
 power;
 Had I the faith by which he sees his path
 And steers his course throughout the stormy
 hour,

My spirit high o'er tempest-beaten foam
 Should joyous rise, and seek its native home.

THE UNDERTONE OF LIFE

Nature hath music for each various mood;
 Blithe songs of joy the rippling brooklets
 sing;
 With carols Zephyr wakes the dreaming wood
 To welcome the return of jocund Spring.

High-sounding anthems rolling on the shore
 Our sober thoughts and graver moods com-
 mand,
 When long sea-waves their foaming waters
 pour
 In rich libations on the echoing strand.

But Zephyr's song that wakes the wood doth
 keep
 A sound of sighing ever in its tone.
 The mighty diapason of the deep
 Through all its grandeur still doth sob and
 moan.

Through life's glad song there runs a minor
 strain
 Like undertone of wayes that lash the main.

“THY JUDGMENTS ARE A GREAT DEEP”

Thy judgments, Lord, are an unfathomed
deep,

A sea which human plummets may not
sound;

The surging waves that o’er its surface sweep
Teach us but little of its depths profound.

Yet this we know: Thine own almighty hand
Doth in its hollow hold those restless waves;
Souls sin-submerged Thou yet wilt bring to
land

From out the mystery of their deep-sea
graves.

Mercy and judgment are but one with Thee.

Thy mercy is as fathomless as sure.

When judgments fall we still will worship
Thee,

Nor deem Thy love in aught the less se-
cure.

Thy judgments grant us, Lord, from day to
day.

For judgments, as for mercies, we would pray.

SUNSET AT SEA

The sky is dark, with clouds like gloomy pall
 Stretching through heaven, save in the wait-
 ing west

An open space, wherein the sun must fall
 In journeying onward to his nightly rest.

A little cloud, like golden-petaled rose,
 A censer swings 'twixt darkness and the sea.
 Its perfume o'er my grateful spirit flows,
 My being bathes in heavenly ecstasy.

Down comes the sun. His glowing face is
 rimmed
 With dazzling light. He floods the sea with
 gold,
 And on its dancing wavelets he hath limned
 Reflections of his glory manifold.

The sea of life lies dark 'neath fear of night;
 God's love shines forth thereon, and all is
 bright.

NIGHT AT SEA

From the high heaven where they shine afar,
 Upon the inky waves there falls no gleam
 Of light from silvery moon or twinkling star;
 O'er raging ocean darkness reigns supreme.

Thick darkness, that no human eye can pierce,
 In fold on fold enwraps our good ship
 round;
 While the loud dashing of the waters fierce
 Falls on the ear with threat'ning fateful
 sound.

Ah, yet, the helmsman knows the course to
 steer
 To reach the haven of our hope afar.
 His faithful compass, through the darkness
 drear,
 Still feels the drawing of its own loved star.

O spirit, faithful to the heavenly light,
 Why shouldst thou fear the storm-cloud and
 the night?

SEPARATION AND THE SEA

Wild restless waves, rolling from shore to
shore,

How wide ye lie between my friend and me!
Ye joy in separation, rush and roar
As if in league with my calamity.

O distance vast! I cannot bridge it o'er
With sight of eye or hearing of the ear.
I look and listen vainly ever more
To see one smile, one word of love to hear.

Yet still I know that on a distant strand,
Watching and waiting, bides my heart's true
friend.

Thou only pathway to that longed-for land,
Where I shall meet a welcome without end.

No more I'll call thee separating sea,
Thou reuniter of my love and me.

Magic Bells of Christmas

CHRISTMAS morn once more is here—
 Christmas morn, forever dear;
 At my window I sit in my easy chair,
 And I listen for the bells
 Whose sweet music always tells
 Of a time when all the world was bright and
 fair.

As I listen, heart and ear,
 For the tones I love to hear,
 Hark! upon the vibrant air their silvery chime!
 Straightway in the long ago
 I am dancing to and fro
 In the memory of a far-off Christmas time.

Now in joy I feel the beat
 Of my dainty little feet.
 Blithesome time they keep to music of the
 bells;
 And as each resounding note
 O'er the Christmas air doth float,
 How my tiny heart with bounding gladness
 swells!

At a window near the street
 I keep watch of horses fleet
 That are taking happy people into town;

While the "feather-beds" on high,
 "The old woman of the sky"—
 Shakes until the Christmas air is full of down.

I'm a gladsome little child;
 Mother's eyes so dark and mild
 Beam upon me as her loving smile I seek;
 And I climb upon a knee
 Always waiting—just for me,
 And feel father's Christmas kiss upon my
 cheek.

Now the charming story old
 Of the baby I am told
 That in Bethlehem was born on Christmas day;
 How as bright as morning star
 Shining angels from afar
 Sang his birth-song, then to heaven flew away.

And that if I'm very good,
 Never naughty, never rude,
 I may follow where the blessed angels meet;
 And that sometime up in heaven
 Unto me it will be given
 To see Jesus, and to clasp His shining feet.

Oh, that Christmas long ago!
 I love its mem'ry so
 That I sometimes feel that it would richly pay

Back to pass through all life's pain,
Just to be a child again
In my father's loving arms on Christmas day.

Magic bells of Christmas time,
Ring aloud your merry chime;
In my heart shall ever sound a glad amen,
Until some day, by and by,
In our Father's house on high,
I shall find myself a little child again.

Divine Love

THE love that in our hearts doth glow
God's love for us doth ever show;
Our souls reflect His beauty bright
Whene'er they shine with love and light.
The joys that human life illumine
From Fount of joy must ever come;
And all of beauty here below
From out the Fount of beauty flow.

Eternal Fount of beauty bright,
Source of eternal love and light,
How wonderful that love of Thine
When human love is so divine!

Christmas, 1900

HAIL, rosy morn! bright usher of the day
 We celebrate with gifts and prayer and
 song,

In memory of Babe in manger born,
 What time sweet peace was hymned by angel
 choir

And Bethlehem's plain with heavenly light did
 flame,

While humble shepherds listened to the song
 Rolling through starry spaces of the sky,—
 "Peace, peace on earth": they wondered at the
 word,

While wise men from afar did seek their Lord.

"Peace, peace on earth": that song can never
 die;

Its echo rolls the centuries along;
 It still doth prophesy. Fulfillment waits
 On time. The hearts of men, so cold and
 dumb,

Respond not. Brother makes war on brother.
 In lands afar to heaven ascends a cry
 Of failing hope; and anguish and despair
 Do sit on faces where the smile of love
 Was wont to play. Mothers behold their sons
 Butchered before their eyes, while children
 flee

From burning homes and from the soldier's
 wrath,
 And in the jungle deep lie down to die,
 Making their beds with creatures of the mire,
 To escape the Christian (?) hero's sword and
 fire.

We may not keep the blessed Christmas feast
 Without a thought for those who suffer wrong,
 Pale hands of supplication lift to heaven,
 Breathing our Christmas words upon the air—
 "Peace, peace on earth"—but not a song—a
 prayer.

Yet better 'twere to be in land of woe,
 Crushed by the heel of tyrant, than to be
 That tyrant on his throne of ill-used power.
 Better to lift despairing cry to heaven,
 To pray for peace, and with that prayer to
 pass

Beyond the power of prideful potentate,
 To where the prayer once more becomes a song,
 Than sit on chair of state or royal throne
 This Christmas day, and the dear Christ dis-
 own.

O loving Christ! such naming thy sweet name
 Give gifts to-day. Clothed in self-righteous-
 ness,
 They stand at altars dedicate to thee,
 Join in the words of the glad angel song—

“Peace, peace on earth”—and chase the pray-
 ers along,
 Unheeding that thou, Christ, with voice of
 pain
 Askest, “Where is thy brother, cruel Cain?”

I may not read their hearts, but this I know,
 That were my hand upraised to scatter fire
 And woe and vengeance o’er a suff’ring land,
 I could not celebrate this Christmas day;
 Thy name I could not take upon my lips,
 Nor call Thee Master, gentlest Son of God,
 Sweet brother of all those who suffer pain.
 They tell me Thou art in the fire and sword,
 That Gatling guns Thy blessed gospel preach,
 That peace on earth can surely never come
 Until the strong have conquered all the weak.
 O Thou whose life did naught but love pro-
 claim,
 What giant lies are uttered in Thy name!

Right still hath might, and love shall conquer
 hate;
 Above the smoke of battle stars still shine;
 As God is over all, peace yet shall reign.
 For, though the blessed vision tarry long,
 Fulfillment comes, nor yet in vain the prayer—
 “Send peace on earth.” Again shall break
 the song

Of gladness over hill and plain. That song
By angels sung so long ago shall find
Response in hearts of men, for love must win,
Right rule o'er might, and righteousness o'er sin.

Then let the bells of "Merry Christmas" ring
A chime of hope. Though clouds are in the air,
The eye of faith can pierce their ebon gloom.
The heart of love still beats in unison
With voice of angel and of morning star.
"Peace, peace on earth," we still in faith must
prayer
Until the prayer becomes a rapturous song,
When war's wild clamor in the earth shall
cease,
And ev'ry human voice shall sing of peace.

The Cloud

A LITTLE cloud in upper air
Went sailing gray and cold,
It wandered into sunset land,
And straight was turned to gold.

Thus earthly cares, transmuted,
In heavenly light may shine;
And darksome grief show golden,
When touched by love divine.

A Rhyme of the Road

OLD town in the westland, look merry and
bright!

Your high towers blossom with garlands of
light!

Your river run gayer than ever before,
And sparkle and dance 'neath the lights on the
shore,

For father and mother are starting this way,
And leave you behind at the close of the day.

Do your gayest and best, then, O "City of
Straits,"

In the name of the joy that their coming
awaits.

Let your bright lights shine down where the
swift waters dance

With a gracious "God speed" in their eloquent
glance.

Ah, now they have started; the journey's be-
gun—

God keep the swift train till the journey be
done!

With an ear toward the engine, an eye to the
rear,

A hand that is helpful, a face full of cheer,

Do your best, my good brakeman, through
country and town;
Look alive when the engineer whistles "brakes
down";
Be kindness itself in whatever you say,
For father and mother are riding this way.

Not a lover of battles my hero shall be;
No straps on the shoulder prove greatness to
me.
Sing of Sampson, and Schley, and of Dewey
who will—
My hero's the man who will save life, not kill;
And often he watches with eye, hand, and
brain,
The long road ahead of his fast-flying train.

With his hand on the throttle, his eye on the
track,
All night he looks forward, scarce once looking
back
He dares the black midnight and cleaves it in
twain
With his star-jeweled sword, the swift-flashing
train.
How it sweeps through the valley and leaps
o'er the plain
Till, at last, both darkness and distance are
slain!

With his hand on the lever he laughs them to
scorn.

For, see! in the east a new morning is born,
And this hero of heroes, my hero sublime,
Brings his passengers safe, his train in on time.
Sharp lookout ahead! draw the lever aright!
Dear father and mother are riding to-night.

This way they are riding; our hearts beat in
time

To whirr of the wheels in their mad rushing
rhyme.

We look, and we listen, and afar down the track
The engine's "chug-chug" and the whistle
sound back.

We look, and we listen, and behold, far away,
The train bringing father and mother this way.

Yes, the "chug-chug" and whistle, we hear
them at last;

We wait on the platform, the engine slows
past.

Ah! there stands my hero, triumphant and
grand,

Controlling the engine by touch of his hand.
On his broad brawny shoulders no epaulettes
shine—

No lover of battles this hero of mine;

His hands are not reddened by blood of the
slain,

But blackened and grimed by the dust of the
train.

His face it is cheerful, his heart it is mild,
He brings the dear father safe home to his
child;

And I whisper, "God bless him who bright-
ened our day

By bringing dear father and mother this
way!"

Now the motion has ceased, the train standing
still,

We rush down the platform, nor tarry until
We behold at a window the faces so dear
Of father and mother. Thank God! they are
here!

They are here! they are here! yes, we have
them at last!

We have and we hold them, the long waiting
past;

We have and we hold them; while without de-
lay

Right on speeds the hero who brought them
this way.

For Eightieth Birthday of *S. S. W.*

STANDING in the light of the rising day,
We wonder whether the noon will be
bright,

And the evening bathed in roseate light,
Or lowering clouds hide each golden ray.

Joyous and sweet is the morning of life,
And the toil of its noon hath a gladsome
part;

But happy indeed is the trusting heart
That in peace can wait the end of the strife.

Sweetly the birds sing in the glad sunlight;
But more beautiful far than songs of day
Are the thrilling notes of that bird whose lay
Melodiously welcomes the shades of night.

The music that rings from the harp of youth
Is set to the time of the young heart's
bound;

But the harp that in age can sweetly sound
Hath in it as much the spirit of truth.

Since He who loves us in life's merry May
Will care for us still; and, safe on His
breast,

Though wintry winds blow we may sweetly
rest.
His love gives both spring and December gray.

Things seem, and are not what they seem al-
way,
Shade but adds beauty to the sunshine
bright;
And what we deem the gates of darksome
night
May prove but portals of a shining day.

With joy then let us greet his natal morn
Who fourscore years of life has safely
passed,
Hoping that Peace may crown him to the
last,
And smiling Hope his cheerful age adorn.

Ormond by the Sea

THE wind was fresh and the tide was low
When we drove from "Ormond by the
Sea";
The sky was blue and the clouds were white
And the ocean veiled in mystery.

The horizon-line far out at sea
 Seemed the purple rim of a blue-green bowl;
 And the sea-wine foamed as the dancing light
 From cerulean heavens played o'er the whole.

The dancing light on the dancing waves
 Made rainbow tints to come and go,
 As the white-capped breakers reared their
 heads,
 Then doffed their caps to the sea-sands low.

No sail was in sight, no smallest boat,
 No thing that was made by man saw we:
 God's sky above, and before us spread
 His ocean in all its majesty.

New Year

NEW YEAR, New Year,
 Why come you here?"
 "I come to walk with you, my dear."

"And where, oh where
 Shall we two fare?
 Through paths of peace or ways of care?"

He doth not say,
 But finger on his lips doth lay,
 As through the mists he leads the way.

A Reverie

I NEAR the borders of the shores of Time,
And hear the waves of that remorseless
sea

That beat and break in undulating rhyme
Between my earth-home and the world to be.

Before me stretches the unfathomed deep,
Abysmal caves where fancied monsters dwell,
Drinking the tears that loving mourners weep,
Chanting the requiems of death and hell.

Behind me all the sunlit hills of life
Rise in their beauty over vales divine.
"O life!" I cry, "even thy toil and strife
Were welcome, if I yet might call thee
mine."

Alas! I cannot turn my weary feet
To tread again the paths I loved of yore.
My journey, ever fleeter and more fleet,
Leads to the misty line of that dim shore,

Whither all feet that walk the earth must come.
The aged men, and children glad and gay,
Must all embark for the eternal home,
O'er this tempestuous and dreaded way.

Close to the water's edge they throng the
shore;

I hear the roar of breakers low and deep;
One longing earthward look and all is o'er—

I can but stretch my hands to heaven and
weep.

They come not back, the loving, true, and
tried—

They come not back, the sordid and the
mean;

Love, loyalty, truth, wretchedness, and pride
Alike engulfed in the unknown, unseen.

Yet, ever and anon, I mark a face

That brightens as it nears the stormy
brink—

A form that comes with rare and radiant grace
To that dread bound from which so many
shrink.

Illumined by a never-fading ray,

The light of love divine, that flames within,
Making the spirit in earth's darkest day

A victor over selfishness and sin,

They near the confines of this mortal land,
 Nor fear to meet the boatman grim and
 stern,
 But, smiling still, clasp his extended hand,
 And in his mission God's own love discern.

On such great faith I lean my weaker heart,
 In such great love my saddened soul I sun,
 Pray God that I may do my little part
 To help the world, and when my work is done,

When by the threat'ning wave at last I stand,
 And in the darkness hear the muffled oar,
 And feel the clasp of the extended hand,
 I may not fear or dread the deep sea's roar.

I know full well, in dark and day the same,
 God's love forever more must steadfast be,
 And when the bark whereon is writ my name
 Shall come to bear me o'er the seething sea,

That Love shall sit as Pilot at the helm,
 To guide my bark to lands of heavenly rest,
 Where naught of sin or sorrow can o'erwhelm,
 And I shall meet again the loved and blest.

The Daisy

O DAISY, smiling from the sod,
So lovely and so lowly,
Thou wakest in me gentle thoughts
Most beautiful and holy.

The rose upon her prickly stalk
Looks down upon the grasses,
And flames with pride to think her hue
Thy softer tints surpasses.

He who would pluck the rose must dare
The cruel thorn's resistance;
And wiser is if still content
To love her at a distance.

No thorns protect thy tender stem,
And he may pluck who loves thee;
The pattern of thy robe thou hast
From the sweet stars above thee.

Thou art my teacher and my friend,
Since unto thee is given
To show me that the humblest souls
Look straightest into heaven.

The poets all have sung thy praise;
 Thou art their pet and dearie;
 And "daisy," "daisy," is the name
 Of which they never weary.

Then pardon, daisy, my poor song:
 My love can know no fetter,
 But would I voice my loving thoughts,
 Some one hath sung them better.

Thou humble star-child of the grass,
 I'll humbly lie beside thee,
 And learn from thee to look toward heaven
 Whatever may betide me.

Retrospect

BY faith we climb the rugged steeps of life,
 The path above us veiled from every sense;
 Yet on each step that marks the upward strife
 The hand of God hath written "Providence."

We cannot read the message as we climb,
 Inverted to our forward-searching eyes,
 But, turning, lo, we see the word sublime
 Our Father's hand hath writ to make us wise.

O fainting soul, seeking to know thy God,
 The future holds Him, but thou canst not see;
 Glance backward o'er the path that thou hast
 trod,
 And thou shalt know He ever walks with thee.

Thus Moses in the mount of vision saw,
 "When He had passed," Jah-veh who gave
 the Law.

Under the Maples

SOFT on the grass the shimmering sunbeams
 fall,
 Where in the village churchyard sleep the dead;
 And soft the gentle shadows, too, are spread
 In equal tenderness o'er great and small.
 The waving branches of the maples tall
 Weave fairy patterns on each lowly bed.
 Sunshine and shadow are together wed
 To make a common glory over all.

Ah, golden maples, glad at heart am I
 To sit enwrapped in Autumn's tender glow,
 To watch your falling leaves and learn to know
 The more they fall the clearer shines my sky.
 E'en so heaven brightens as I older grow,
 And golden hopes of earthly blessing fly.

The Coming of the Queen

THE misty gauze of twilight fell,
 A garment over hill and dell;
 Night's twinkling eyes began to peep
 From out the sky's ethereal deep.

Then Luna came with stately grace
 To find in heaven her own true place;
 And as she came each twinkling eye
 Half closed to see the queen go by.

Awhile above the sleeping town
 She rested on a bed of down,
 With snow-white pillows 'neath her head
 And fluffy laces o'er her spread.

The sky took on a softer hue
 When from her rest she rose anew;
 And every modest little star
 Seemed to withdraw itself afar.

E'en Venus doffed her gay attire,
 And Mars laid off his coat of fire.
 Resplendent in her robe of light
 Fair Luna reigned, the queen of night.

At Laurium

THERE was a forest once in "auld lang
syne,"

And memory claims it now and always mine.
There in the spring-time of the long ago
The arbutus I found beneath the snow.

The arbutus, that darling flower and brave,
The first to blossom on stern winter's grave,
Whose pink-tipped waxen blooms to me did seem
Sweeter than lover's tale or poet's dream.

Then, later, when these waxen blooms had fled,
I found the blue-eyed violet instead.
Oft have I watched these timid flowers and meek
With golden sunbeams play at hide and seek,

While in the waving branches far above,
The mating birds poured forth their songs of
love.

Fragrance and music filled each passing breeze
That blew beneath my well-loved forest trees.

Ah, that was long ago. Those stately trees
No more wave moss-clad branches in the breeze
The arbutus with balmy blossoms sweet
No longer hastens early Spring to greet.

The violets were scattered long ago,
 And ev'ry mossy bed they used to know;
 Yet still I seem to see their blue eyes shine,
 And from those mossy beds look up to mine.

My forest path,—long since a city street,—
 Now echoes to the tread of many feet;
 Where woodland warbler poured his merry
 song,
 Discordant sounds of traffic roll along.

Amongst the crowd, alien, I walk alone;
 My heart is sad with grieving for its own—
 Its own loved forest, fragrant flower, sweet
 bird,
 The beauty once enjoyed, the song once heard.

Yet wherefore grieve? The best of each will
 stay
 To bless my life through ev'ry coming day;
 All that was mine forever mine shall be,
 Stored in the treasure-vaults of memory.

Off the Azores

SIX days we sail
 Through sun and gale—
 Six days from our dear homeland,
 Where each dark night
 The Boston Light
 Shines o'er the "gilded dome" land

The sea so nigh,
 The sky so high,
 We long for *terra firma*;
 And any land
 That comes to hand
 Is welcome, be it Burmah.

Soon we will reach
 Some sunny beach;
 For, as in haste to greet us,
 Red toes upcurled,
 Wide wings unfurled,
 The gulls come forth to meet us.

Around the stern
 They flash and turn,
 Then take a dip to leeward;
 Their vests of white
 Shine in the light,
 Their red beaks pointing seaward.

'Tis said that they
 From far away
 Scent the good ship's provisions;
 And on their rock
 The whole great flock
 Arrive at like decisions.

His pointed wings
 Each sea-gull flings
 Wide open to the breezes;
 For when a stray
 Ship comes his way,
 His chance he always seizes.

And thus we know
 That soon will show
 From out the mists the dry land;
 St. Michael's name
 Adorns the same,
 And 'tis a lovely island.

Straight on our bow
 Behold it now,
 Its palms toward heaven raising,
 As if in glee
 To think that we
 Are on its beauties gazing.

Tall hills arise
 'Neath blue, blue skies,
 All robed in sunshine splendor,
 While verdant vales
 And drowsy dales
 Bathe in their shadows tender.

O hills that rise
 'Neath azure skies,
 To-day so bright and glorious,
 How may ye be
 When o'er the sea
 The Storm-king reigns victorious?

Beauty to-day
 Your mood doth sway;
 Ye fill my heart with wonder;
 But when storms beat
 At your proud feet,
 And o'er you rolls the thunder,

I'd rather stay
 Far, far away,
 Where Boston's dome is shining;
 Where friendship's beam
 And fireside gleam
 In one their light are twining.

Mackinac Straits

HOW the wavelets dance and run
 Underneath the summer sun!
 How they sparkle, gleam and glance
 In their merry, merry dance!
 Flashing, plashing, winking, blinking,
 On they go, nor ever thinking
 How the fair and gladsome sight
 Fills my spirit with delight.

From the rising of the sun,
 Till the joyous day is done,
 Ever springing toward the blue,
 Showing heaven's colors true,
 Springing, singing, onward winging,
 To my mind fair fancies bringing,
 As they lightly dance and run
 Underneath the summer sun.

Underneath the summer sun
 How the wavelets dance and run!
 Catching million rays of light,—
 Making each a diamond bright,—
 Chasing, racing, racing, chasing,
 Sadness from the heart effacing,
 As beneath the summer sun
 They in gladness dance and run.

The Rainbow at the Prow

SKIES have cleared and sun is shining;
 Mermaids now their locks are twining;
 We are sailing, sailing now
 With a rainbow at our prow.

Not a sign of ship to larboard,
 Not a sail in sight to starboard,
 Not a whale to bow or stern—
 Nothing whate'er way we turn.
 Father, mother, son and daughter
 Can see only water, water.

Yet the sea hath many faces,
 Taketh to himself such graces,
 That we watch and never weary
 Even when he looketh eerie.

Now the waves are chasing after
 Our good ship with roaring laughter;
 See them flash and foam and scurry,
 As if in a mortal hurry;
 How they toss their locks in glee,
 As they ride the deep blue sea!

Now again they turn to meet us,
 As they were in haste to greet us.

Lo! they rise like giant mountains
Lifted up from deep-sea fountains—
Rise and pour their rich libations
O'er this pathway of the nations.

Now, we climb the seething billows;
Now, we rest on sea-foam pillows;
Now, the spray o'er deck is dashing
As the boiling waves come plashing.

But the good ship, still advancing,
Where the sea-god's steeds are prancing,
Through the rising billows pusheth;
Onward, onward ever rusheth.
Heaven's smile is on her now,
And a rainbow at her prow.

How I Shook the Sheikh

IN Cairo streets I strolled one day,
When suddenly across my way
A vision rose my steps to stay
With, "Sheikh, me Sheikh."

Indignantly I turned away:
"I will not shake you, Sheikh, to-day,
Lest forty fleas should shake my way—
I'll shake no Sheikh."

Persistently he still did stand,
And barred the way on either hand,
Still uttering the strange command,
 "Sheikh, Sheikh, me Sheikh."

At last I thought: "He does not make
This strange demand that I should take
Him bodily, and thus should shake—
 There's some mistake.

"Perhaps, for sacred friendship's sake,
He wishes me his hand to take;
But even that would make me quake—
 I'll shake no Sheikh."

I tried my reasons to explain—
I tried with all my might and main;
But all my efforts were in vain
 To move that Sheikh.

Then Hassan Omar came to say:
"In Egypt, it is quite the way
Some small piasters for to pay
 To shake the Sheikh."

Advice of Hassan then I took:
The contents of my purse I shook
In outstretched hand of smiling crook—
 The Sheikh I shook.

For Washington's Birth- day Celebration, 1902

ON BOARD S. S. "COMMONWEALTH"

FAR from our native land,
 Soon on a foreign strand
 Our steps will be;
 But let each patriot heart,
 Ere we are called to part,
 In this agree:
 That noble Washington,
 Our country's greatest son,
 Shall honored be.

Exalt his gracious name,
 And bid the patriot flame
 That in him burned
 Shine forth in sire and son,
 Till every cause be won
 For which he yearned;
 And every ill laid low
 Which in his heart we know
 He would have spurned.

The city of his name
 Commemorates his fame
 With shaft of white.

High o'er Potomac's shore
 It rises evermore
 Into the light:
 Fit symbol of his life
 Who still, in calm or strife,
 Stood firm for right.

There let it ever rise
 Beneath the southern skies
 He loved so well.
 May it all hearts command,
 In our dear fatherland,
 Where patriots dwell;
 And as, 'neath skies of blue,
 Toward heaven it points so true,
 His message tell.

That message—liberty for one and all,
 Not for his own,
 Alone,
 But serving freedom of a larger kind,
 His heart was thrall
 To liberty for all.

A man of conscience and exalted mind;
 A man with breadth to love all human kind;
 Not striving for the glory of a name,
 Not caring for the elusive bauble, fame,
 But staunch and true
 'Gainst all the winds that blew,

He stood serene,
 Marking the temperate mean
 Of balanced mind.

The emperor Trajan in imperial Rome
 Raised for himself a marble column high,
 Enwound with scroll on scroll telling of victory
 O'er heathen tribes afar.
 The kings of lesser lands
 Grace his triumphal car;
 And, bound in slavery's bands,
 Men, freemen born,
 By the great conqueror torn
 From their own native home,
 Follow to die in Rome.

These things the scrolls relate;
 On Trajan's column ever broodeth hate.
 But Washington,
 Kind husband, reverent son,
 Made home a joy,
 And then made country home.

His mission was to build, not to destroy,
 As had been done by emperors of Rome.
 And when at last
 From earthly home
 And native land he passed,

His life-work o'er,
 The monument a grateful people raised no
 warlike symbol wore;
 That pure white shaft shows forth the char-
 acter he bore.

High over party discord, hate, and slavish fear
 His great soul rose to heaven, bright and clear
 As shining star;
 And to the world below, still from afar,
 Cries, "Hail! Good cheer!"

The sun of righteousness upon him shone;
 He made its beams his own;
 And whiter than the shaft that bears his name
 Shines his eternal fame.

And though the seas we roam
 Far from our dear loved home,
 This day that gave him birth,
 This day that gave to earth
 Her noble son,
 We will remember still—
 Still praise his matchless worth,
 And claim him with a will—
 Our Washington.

Easter Hymn

HAIL, gladdest of glad days!
 To thee triumphant praise
 E'en nature brings.
 Through valley and o'er hill,
 In every dancing rill,
 In human hearts that thrill,
 Her clear voice rings.

Jesus, by might of love,
 Lifts every heart above
 On this glad day.
 From thoughts with passions rife,
 From earthly care and strife,
 To the eternal life,
 He leads the way.

From Death's dread tyranny,
 Toward immortality,
 The glorious prize,
 Touched by the heavenly fire,
 Freed from all low desire,
 Our longing souls aspire
 With Him to rise.

Father, by power divine,
 Oh, help us wholly Thine
 Ever to be,

Till, sin and sorrow past,
We reach the joys Thou hast
For those who find at last
Their home in Thee.

The Law of Love

THEN take me to thy heart to have and hold,
Not for thy good alone, but also mine.
Myself in trust I give, nor do withhold
Aught of the gift. Behold, the whole is
thine.

And think not thou the gift so free bestowed
Is valueless because it comes unsought,
With nought required as if a debt were owed.
Love hath but one exchange, and ne'er is
bought.

That one exchange requireth love for love;
An equal giving equal joy doth give.
When heart in heart reposeth we may prove
How sweet a thing it is for love to live.

Exchange, then, love for love and heart for
heart;
Thus each of other shall become a part.

Jerusalem

O JERUSALEM, throned on Mount Zion,
 Thou sittest a queen even yet,
 But a queen in the garments of mourning
 For glory thou canst not forget.

In the place where the holy shekinah
 Once shone in thy temple so grand,
 And thy incense arose to Jehovah,
 The mosques of the Islamite stand.

Yet, as from the far hillside we view thee,—
 The low-lying valley between,—
 We imagine the glory and grandeur
 Of wonderful days thou hast seen;

When the now barren hills of Judea
 Were terraced from summit to base,
 And the vine and the olive and fig-tree
 Enrobed them with exquisite grace;

When in all the fair gardens about thee
 The palm waved its wide fronded leaves,
 And at harvest thy maids went out singing
 To bind up the rich golden sheaves;

While below in its valley the Kedron
 From Siloam led toward the sea,
 Now all sparkling and bright in the sunlight,
 Now lost 'neath the dark olive-tree.

And forever it sang as it journeyed,
 In tremulous voice soft and clear,
 A sweet song that the listening olives
 Bent low o'er its margin to hear.

Thou didst sing that same song, little river,
 For One who in days long ago
 May have paused 'neath the trees on thy margin
 To list to thy musical flow;

May have seen in thy swift-flowing waters,
 Reflecting the azure above,
 How the turbulent tides of affliction
 Aye mirror the beauty of love.

Though we list now, no murmurous music
 Steals up from the valley below,
 Since in grief for thy hillsides denuded
 Thou didst weep thyself dry long ago.

How ye thrill us, ye mountains and valleys,
 And streams that the Saviour hath seen!
 Ye lead back to the days of His presence
 Through centuries rolling between.

And as down from the Mountain of Olives
 We descend, to re-enter thy gate,
 O Jerusalem, loved of the Master,
 We mourn for thy ruined estate.

As we climb up the steeps of Mount Zion
 The shadows behind us fast fall;
 And soon night, too, has climbed from the
 valley,
 And darkness is reigning o'er all.

From Jerusalem to Nazareth

WE have seen where the Babe in the manger
 Was cradled on Mary's fond breast,
 And the place where the home of the sisters
 Once offered the weary One rest.
 We have been to the Mountain of Olives,
 The garden so sacred and sad,
 And the tomb from whose rock-darkened portal
 The angels, triumphant and glad,
 In the dew of that beautiful morning,
 With hope, love, and blessing impearled,
 Rolled the heavy door back on its hinges
 And a stone from the heart of the world.

And behold! in a beautiful vision
 The land of the blue Galilee,
 With its valleys and mountains so sacred,
 Is calling, "Come over and see."
 Wherefore fear we the rough mountain passes?
 Why heed we the storm or the cold?
 We but follow the paths that the Master
 In weariness traversed of old.
 The flowers by our pathway are springing
 'Mongst rocks where his sandals have trod,
 Their mute adoration upwinging
 To heaven from the eloquent sod.

And the fountains whose musical murmurs
 Now fall on the traveler's ear—
 These were flowing, to comfort the weary,
 The same when our Saviour was here;
 While the mountains that rise in their grandeur,
 And heavenward point us to-day,
 Rose on high in their beauty and brightness
 For Him who is Life, Truth, and Way.

Whether bathed in the light on the hill-tops,
 Or pitching our tents in the plain,
 Every mountain, and valley, and blossom
 Brings Jesus before us again.
 Our companions at times seem to vanish,
 And we are with Jesus alone.

To our hearts He speaks low as we journey;
 His voice has the same tender tone
 As it had when the woman at Sychar,
 Enraptured, gave ear to the word
 That proclaims him forever in spirit
 Our brother, our teacher, our Lord.

Where the mountains of blessing and cursing
 Still tower so majestic and grand,
 And from their blank stony eyes forever
 Look frowningly down on the land,
 Even there all the springs of the valley
 Unite in glad tribute to one—
 A deep well, type of founts everlasting,
 As taught by the glorified Son.

With a prayer to the God of our fathers,
 That we in His spirit may share
 Who once taught at this well by the wayside
 The truth which alone makes life fair,
 Once again we ride on through the valleys
 Where Jesus long since must have trod,
 Where old orchards of olives their shadows
 Bestow on the flowers of the sod.

O ye beautiful, beautiful valleys,
 We love, but we tarry not long—
 We must climb from your beauty and verdure
 To heights where the wicked were strong.

There of old rose the palace of Ahab;
 There Baal-worship once found a home;
 And there later great Herod played tyrant
 By grace of imperial Rome.

The gay palace is gone from the hill-top,
 The idol and tyrant so vain
 Are but shadows that fall on the pages
 Where history writes pride and pain.
 Yet in some way the spirit of Ahab
 Seems strong in his homeland to-day,
 As down from the hill of Samaria,
 Rain-pelted, we ride on our way.

Look! Mount Carmel appears in the distance,
 The ghost of old Ahab retires.
 Now the clouds have concluded their weeping,
 The sun has relighted his fires;
 And behold! near Jenin in the valley
 Our wonderful home-tents are seen,
 Like giant birds their white wings outspreading
 In peace on the Syrian green.

Up again, in the saddle, and forward;
 A prophet is holding each rein.
 He has come from the Mountain of Carmel
 To show where the Baal priests were slain.

And we dash through the plain of Esdraelon,
 And over the plain of Jezreel,
 With the wraith of Elijah to lead us,
 And shade of King Saul close at heel.

Yet again to our hearts comes the vision
 Of One who was lover of men,
 As Nazareth's high hills in the distance
 Remind us of Jesus again.

'Midst these hills was His homeland. Here
 turned He

When sorrow weighed heavy and sore,
 And here found for His grief consolation
 And rest from life's toil and uproar.

And shall we then, His loving disciples,
 See hills that He loved and not know
 That the higher we rise toward the heaven
 The humbler in spirit we grow;
 And that they who would be, like the Master,
 With love and humility crowned,
 Must climb up toward His high point of vision,
 Not thinking to leap at a bound;
 Must toil wearily up toward that summit,
 Nor fail on the rough, rugged way—
 Must toil wearily onward and upward,
 While heaven comes nearer each day.

From Nazareth to the Lake of Galilee

BRIGHT city of the hills, that from afar
Burst on our view like white and shining
star,

How weary was the way o'er which we came!
What heights we climbed, still murmuring thy
name!

And when at last thy walls and towers were
seen,

Set round with mountains and embowered with
green,

How joyed we one brief day no more to roam,
But pitch our tents and call fair Nazareth
home.

Thou gem of beauty on the mountain side,
Where Jesus, our dear Master, did abide!
Thy highest height was to His footsteps known,
Thy lowest valley claimed Him for its own!
Thy distant hill-tops heard His voice of prayer,
Thy busy streets echoed His sigh of care!
Oft by thy murmuring fountain hath He
strayed,

Here in thy market-place perchance hath
played,

A little boy with thoughtful earnest eyes,
Where burned the loving light of Paradise.

Our day at Nazareth, alas! is done,
 Behind the mountains sleeps the golden sun.
 We, too, must rest, and to our tents repair
 With grateful hearts to raise the voice of
 prayer.

Then 'neath the shadows of His hills we sleep,
 Knowing His angels watch and ward will keep.

Another rosy morn, and up we spring;
 Our hearts o'erflow with joy, our spirits sing;
 For ere another weary day be done,
 Ere sleeps behind the hills another sun,
 We hope with our own joyful eyes to see
 The sunlit waves of much-loved Galilee.

The road is long, an early start is made,
 And soon upon the hills our cavalcade
 Pauses, and for a little time delays
 That we once more on Nazareth may gaze,
 Once more may see the place of His abode.
 Then on we ride over the rocky road
 Through neighboring Cana, where the wedding
 fest

Once claimed our Saviour for its honored guest;
 And in our hearts make pictures of the scene
 That keeps the name of Cana ever green—
 That joyous scene, without a shade of woe,
 Where Jesus blessed the marriage long ago.

Brief time have we to spend in this fair place;
 Toward Galilee we turn with quickened pace;
 The "Mount of Blessing" rises on our view,
 Its twin peaks pointing to the azure blue.
 Through pathless fields and up the rugged
 steep

We urge our faithful steeds their way to keep.
 On either side the starry flowers look up;
 A smile lies waiting in each tiny cup
 To break upon us as we pass to-day—
 A smile from God to cheer us on our way.
 The blossoms nod as if, our errand known,
 To deck our path they purposely had grown.

White golden-centered stars, the daisies stand,
 And lupines blue are seen on every hand.
 The "Rose of Sharon" lifts its crimson head,
 The poppies all arrayed in dazzling red,
 Purple gladiola, and orchids, too,
 The yellow gorse and lilies red and blue,
 And every shade of golden sunny bloom
 Here give their beauty and their rich perfume.

Beneath them all, the larger growths between,
 A tiny blue-eyed flower is ever seen.
 To me it seems the sweetest of the throng—
 A living note dropped from the sky-lark's song
 What time he caroled in the cloudless dome
 His joyful melody of love and home.

And still it singeth to the inward ear
A melody that melts the soul to hear—
Still sings of love, and home, and heavenly
peace,

Beauty and purity that shall not cease,
But brighter glow when to our 'raptured eyes
Shine forth the fadeless flowers of Paradise.

Now higher up the jagged rocks we climb;
We near the place where, in the olden time,
Such words as man had never heard before
Were spoken by our Saviour to the poor:

The poor in spirit blessed, happy they;
The pure in heart the Father see each day;
The merciful all mercy shall obtain;
The persecuted life in heaven shall gain.

Oh, gracious words to cheer a fainting world!
Thy banner, Hope, was on this mount unfurled!
The humble heart shall hear the message glad;
The sorrowful shall be no longer sad.

Again we climb; the highest point is gained.
We rest and revel in the view attained.
The flowery mountain-side up which we came
Was loved by Jesus, and is still the same.

Mount Tabor still lifts high his giant form,
Majestic over clouds and valley's storm;
'Twixt heaven and earth it shall forever rise
Fit place to don the robes of Paradise.

Fondly we turn our longing eyes to see
Where to the eastward gleams Lake Galilee—
A blue intaglio cut in Syrian plain,
Set round about by hill and mountain chain.

Slowly we leave the mount—slowly descend
To that loved shore where now our path shall
end.

What joy is ours! a bliss we may not tell,
One happy day beside that lake to dwell,
Where Jesus often came, in days of yore,
For thirsting souls the wine of life to pour.

Dear Master, let our day by Galilee
Be redolent with loving thoughts of thee;
Thy spirit fill our spirits to the brim,
Till self and selfishness grow far and dim;
Till, on the higher hills of heavenly view,
Our souls, transfigured, rise to life anew—
Rise high o'er earthly strife and care and pain,
To dwell in light where Thou, O Christ, doth
reign.

On the Heights

FROM this great mountain, broad and tall,
 That other mountain looks so small,
 It hardly seems to rise at all;
 And yet, when I was in the plain,
 It gave my soul no little pain
 To think its top I ne'er might gain.
 In fact, it took a deal of time,
 And many a weary, weary climb,
 Before I reached *that* height sublime.

Shall I from *this* high point of view
 Accept what seems for what is true—
 Forget the old to seek the new?
 And on a brother, who below
 Toils up some steep I used to know,
 Look with disdain because he's slow?

Or rather, shall I not my hand
 Extend to beckon, not command,
 And on the topmost summit stand,
 In plainest view, that he may see
 The way that straightest leads to me,
 And so to climb strong-hearted be?

The highest heights by me attained
 Are low indeed, and nothing gained,
 If from those heights I am not pained

At every slip upon the rock,
 At every fall and every shock,
 At every break of alpen-stock,
 That makes the path more danger show,
 That makes the weary climb more slow,
 For toilers on the hills below.

Keats and Shelley

HARD by the crumbling walls of ancient
 Rome,
 Sleep Lark and Nightingale of English song:
 In silence sleep, nor reck the night is long,
 In that fair land where they did love to roam.

One soaring sang, the empyrean his home.
 His music rolled in jubilates strong:
 The other poured the sweetest stream of song,
 Oft sad as silence in the falling gloam.

No awe-inspiring monuments are seen,
 To mark the place where Keats and Shelley lie;
 The rose its fragrance sheds, the sward is
 green,
 The cypress points to the cerulean sky.

There larks proclaim the day while soaring
 high,
 And nightingales the night from leafy screen.

Mount San Salvatore

ON the summit of San Salvatore, Lugano
 below,
 And around us Caprino and Brè and peaks covered with snow,
 While away in the shimmering west, on the
 furthest sky-line,
 Closely wrapped in his glacier coat, Monte
 Rosa doth shine.

Oh, most beautiful San Salvatore, what views
 of a world
 That is clad in the garments of spring-time
 from thee are unfurled!
 The green arms of the winding Lugano encircle thee round,
 As the arms of a lover encircle the bride he
 hath found;
 While the soft fleecy clouds far above lend a
 veiling of shade
 To enhance the rich beauty of robe in which
 thou art arrayed.

Cool breezes that have traversed the fields of
 the untrodden snow
 To caress thy fair forehead the Kings of the
 Alps do bestow;

While low at thy feet the bright flowerets of
 Italy twine
 Into garlands of loveliness, making thy sandals
 to shine.

Listen! up from the valley the sound of a bell
 rises clear;
 And behold how the mountains around stand
 on tiptoe to hear!
 Now they catch up the tone as it rises aloft on
 the air,
 Toss it back, pass it round, until melody rings
 ev'rywhere—
 Until far on the echoing summits the harmony
 swells,
 And, all vibrant with music, they join in the
 song of the bells.

Mount San Salvatore--- The Other Side

ON this side, rock,—bare and precipitate,—
 One said, “How can men call that beauti-
 ful?”

Knowing, for I had seen, I made reply:
 “That mountain, as you pass it on *this* side,
 Though picturesque, indeed, is very stern;

But once you round this little point of land
 And come to see it from the other side,
 You will rejoice, its beauty is so great.

“From emerald waters gently sloping up,
 From base to summit clothed in spring-time
 green,

Its spacious meadows feeding many flocks,
 Its verdant woodland homing myriad birds,
 While villa, chalet, cottage testify
 That there are found the pleasant homes of
 men—

To know its beauty you must see both sides;
 Ah, yes, sail round its base and climb its flanks
 Before you say this mountain is not fair.”

The scorner passed and left me musing there.
 I stood, and gazing on the giant rocks,
 Piled up toward heaven, thought: How oft
 great men

By rough exterior and one-sided views
 Are judged ungenial, stern as these grey rocks
 That on the shore of this fair lake are seen;
 When had we but some skiff in which as 'twere
 To round their bases, view the other side,
 And note how far aloft the sunny slopes
 Of human kindness and great purpose rise,
 We then might understand that, ere we speak
 In scorn of any man, most wise it were
 To seek a view upon the other side.

To Mont Blanc

IMPERIAL mount, that high in heaven
 Rearest thy proud form, bearing thy weight
 Of glory and the splendor of thy crown
 With grace inimitable, thee we hail,
 Majestic monarch of the mountain host!

The verdant hills, as children at the feet
 Of some fond parent, all their treasures pour
 Low at thy base, smiling to think thou carest,
 And look to thee for blessing. Larger grown,
 More fit for near communion with thyself,
 The mountains cluster round thy giant knees,
 And, humble in thy presence, bare their heads
 And lift their robeless arms as if in prayer.
 Even the higher peaks, like thee snow-crowned,
 With meekness bear their badge of royalty,
 Knowing that *thou* art king, they princes all.

Farewell to Mont Blanc

GREAT giant of mountains, we bid thee
 adieu!

We seek not thy summit, that shines from
 afar,
 Through trial and danger still nearer to view:
 Let it glisten and gleam like a bright dis-
 tant star.

In wonder and awe we have climbed to thy
knees,

To touch but the fringe of thy mantle of
snow.

Above us the wastes of thy white frozen seas,
Below, the green vales where thy swift rivers
flow.

Thy mantle of majesty, glacier-fringed,
More pure than the ermine of royalty shines,
Yet sparkles and dazzles the eye, as if tinged
By all the bright hues that the rainbow en-
twines.

Cold, distant, majestic thou seemest, in state
Apart from the world, with its joy and its
woe;

Untouched by the spirit of love or of hate,
Unvexed by the changes the seasons bestow.

Yes, lone and unloving thou seemest apart,
When shining in splendor or wrapped in thy
clouds;

But lovers of nature, their hands on thy heart,
Can feel the quick pulses thy majesty
shrouds.

Thy heart for the valleys beats loving and warm,
And waters of life from thy bosom are
poured,

Which were gathered in region of cloud and
of storm,
And for love of the valleys in glacier stored.

Adieu, thou great mountain! Thy lesson we
learn:

When storm-clouds hang heavy and dark in
our sky,
In grateful remembrance of thee we will turn
Where, low in the valley, the life-streams
flow by.

Providence

WHEN the sunlight floods my sky,
Then I feel that God is nigh:

When the shadows round me fall,
Then I know, God is my all.

Welcome sunshine that He sends,—
Shadow sent by Him befriends.

Sunshine, shadow,—bless His name
Who through all is still the same.

Gentle summer—winter wild,—
He is Father, I am child.

To the River Tresa

O WATERS, hast'ning toward the Tresa
 gate,
 Why will ye not, before it be too late,
 Stop and reflect upon your wild career—
 Stop where ye are, nor wander on from here?
 Ye cannot reason—this I do suspect—
 Ye cannot reason, yet ye may *reflect*:
 Reflection is your business every day.
 Why not reflect that it were best to stay,
 To wander ever on this lovely shore,
 Reflecting all its beauty evermore?
 Seek not for wider shores your power to show:
 Remain in Lake Lugano—do not go.”

I listened, and the waters made reply:
 “Why should not you reflect as well as I?
 Here in this paradise of sight and sound,
 Than which a lovelier cannot be found,
 You yet are restless, must be on the move,
 Cannot content yourself no more to rove.
 Lake Maggiore, too, is fair to view,
 And I, like you, must seek for something new.”

How could I any more the waters chide?
 I said: “Into the Tresa gently glide,
 And to Lake Maggiore swiftly go.
 You will reflect upon the way, I know,

While I along the lofty mountain's side
In observation-car will safely ride,
And smile to see you sport so gay and free,
Right glad you travel all the way with me."

And so, without a care what should betide,
I and the Tresa journeyed side by side,
Nor have I found a friend, for many a day,
With power to make my spirit half so gay
As that small river with its merry song,
Dancing and prancing as it rushed along,
Quickly reflecting objects on the shore,
And, as it rushed, reflecting more and more.

Each cottage smiled for joy as on it came,
The stately villas each one did the same;
The birds in chorus gave it welcome meet,
The flowers to greet it poured their fragrance
sweet;
The broom upon the hills its yellow hair
Waved in the breeze for glee to see it there;
All nature welcomed to the woodland wild
The foam-decked Tresa, sweet Lugano's child.

So through the forest to the lake it came;
The hour of our arrival was the same.
The river lost itself in waters wide—
I still am I in the great human tide.

In the Land of Burns

AT Stratford, in fair Avon vale,
 A mighty, mystic presence moves
 Of one who sees and thinks and knows,
 More than of one who feels and loves.

But in the land of Robert Burns
 Another atmosphere we ken—
 The spirit brooding o'er these vales
 Of one who loved his fellow-men.

Of one who loved, and, lover still,
 Still yearns to clasp them by the hands;
 A gracious, genial, loyal soul
 Responsive to the heart's demands.

And if we rove by "Bonnie Doon,"
 Or wander by the banks of Ayr,
 Or up, or down, or late or soon,
 We meet that presence everywhere.

Upon its "thorny tree" the rose
 Still blooms in fragrance as of yore;
 The banks and braes are fair to see
 As when he conned their beauties o'er.

I wandered once along the bank,
 Below the ancient "Brig of Doon,"
 And listened to the river's voice,
 Still murmuring its ancient tune.

I thought of him who, sad of heart,
 Found in that song a solace sweet,
 And, near the path o'er which I trod,
 A resting-place for weary feet.

Beside the stream I sat me down,
 As hoping that my soul might hear
 Some echo from the land of song
 That oft he heard, so soft and clear.

But though I heard the river's voice,
 And watched its sweeping, graceful turns,
 When in my hand my pen I took,
 All I could write was "Robert Burns."

The rippling river sang his name;
 No other note had it for me;
 E'en in the love-songs of the birds
 That name rang forth in melody.

Upon the soft and grassy bank
 I sat and dreamed that happy day,
 While visions came and visions went,
 Like clouds that rise and float away.

Once Tam O'Shanter passed my way;
 He turned to view me where I sat,
 A twinkle in his merry eye,
 And on his head a crownless hat.

And "Souter Johnnie" followed fast—
 The crony of his heart's delight;
 He had some jolly tale to tell,
 And laughed till he was out of sight.

I saw a meadow fresh and green
 Where "Bonnie Jean" was raking hay.
 I heard the words she seemed to sing:
 "Oh, hasten Robin—come this way."

And last of all—a vision sweet—
 The gentle "Highland Mary" came,
 And smiling looked upon the page
 Where I had writ her lover's name.

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Oh, banks and braes of "Bonnie Doon,"
 Ye still have visions fair to view!
 And, Robert Burns, I am right glad
 To think your fancies after you.

Airs of the Spirit

SOFTER than south winds blow,
 Heavy with balm,
 Airs of the Spirit flow,
 Bringing us calm;
 Melodies sweet and low,
 Stilling the spirit's woe,
 Making life here below
 One holy psalm.

List! then, oh heart of mine!
 List! and rejoice!
 Each note of joy divine
 Utters His voice.
 Each bird on swaying limb,
 Chanting a morning hymn,
 Sings like the Seraphim
 Songs of His choice.

Sweeter than honey-dew
 In sun-kissed flower,
 The love He pours for you,
 Each day and hour.
 If thou from out thy store
 For others love shalt pour,
 Soul, thou shalt have the more—
 This be thy dower.

The Passing Year

O FLEETING year, and yet how long and
 fair,
 Rememb'ring joys that thou with us didst
 share,
 Denying nothing that thou hadst in store,
 Thou best of all the years,
 How bright have been thy smiles, how few thy
 tears!
 Into life's chalice thou for us didst pour
 Rich wine of love until the cup brimmed o'er;
 Thou hast been full of blessings manifold,
 Better than beaten gold.

O fleeting year! how brief doth seem thy stay.
 Rememb'ring thou so soon wilt pass away,
 This one and only sorrow thou dost bring,
 O year of sacred ties,
 That we no more may look into thine eyes—
 Into the past so soon thou takest wing.
 O darling year, this is thine only sting—
 Thou wilt not stay. Another comes apace
 To take thy blessed place.

Yet, passing year, all life in days to be
 Shall sweeter seem whene'er we think of thee;
 Rich mem'ries bide with us, thy gracious dower.
 Dear year, we bid adieu,

Thanks that thy smiles were bright, thy tears
so few.

We bid adieu, yet still we own thy power,
Since mem'ry stays to bless each fleeting hour;
For memory hath stored, more choice than
gold,
Thy blessings manifold.

Love's Healing Balm

IN the deeps of my being profound,
That no plummet of mortal can sound,
Lies a region of heavenly calm.
There I hie me when sorrows oppress;
There I hide me from fear and distress
And I heal me with Love's holy balm.

At the surface of life is unrest.
No matter how urgent the quest,
There I find not the sweet healing balm.
In the deeps of my spirit alone,
By the Infinite Spirit made known,
There find I the region of calm.

Oh, the peace of that heavenly calm!
Oh, the sweetness of Love's healing balm!

At Luxor

WE sat one eve at Luxor on the Nile,
 In a pavilion built upon the bank
 Of that strange stream slow creeping toward
 the sea;
 Most wondrous river! strangest of all
 streams!
 Beneficent,—on-flowing, faithful, sure,—
 To it kind Providence hath lent the power
 To be a nation's life, a country's all;
 For Nile is Egypt and hath been long since,
 And Egypt must be Nile forevermore.

We watched the sluggish river lovingly
 Linger along lands by its bounty made,
 As it were all unmindful of its birth
 'Midst wild tumultuous mountain cataracts,
 And quite forgetful of the rush and roar
 And rampant vigor of its early course.
 Slow creeping all along the way it goes,
 Yet in this narrow valley does the work
 Ordained amid the thunder of the hills.
 And such a work! To keep a country green,
 To spread the surface of a rainless land
 With verdure-bearing soil; to feed the fields,
 And give the gardens drink, and cheer the
 hearts
 Of weary fellaheen with promises

Of harvest. Father Nile must ever feed
 His Egypt as he fed in days of yore.
 From our pavilion 'neath the shading trees,
 We saw the lazy dahabeahs move
 On the slow Nile, and thought of other days,
 When royal barges brought the ancient kings
 To seek and hold communion with their gods,
 In temples vast, majestic, built and wrought
 So wondrously that even their ruins
 Over-awe the mind; give wings to Fancy;
 Take captive the imagination quite;
 Striking conceit of modern methods dumb
 In their stupendous presence.

Here they stand—

These columns, statues, giant obelisks,—
 To tell us of the great who are no more.
 Inscribed in granite still are seen the names
 Of kings for whom were built these lofty halls
 That chronicle their grandeur. But, alas!
 E'en monuments like these are only dust,
 And, soon or late, the earthquake's felling
 shock
 Or gnawing tooth of Time will lay them low.
 Then serf who hastened at his master's call,
 And master who made haste to serve his king,
 And frowning king who once commanded all,
 Shall have one common monument of dust,—
 Democracy triumphant at the last.

One day, while yet the blazing orient sun,
 Fresh from its cooling bath in eastern seas,
 Hung low o'er morn's horizon, forth we went
 To view El Karnac's glorious ruined pile.
 The fertile fields along the dusty way
 Are guarded well by barren rocky hills,
 That stand like sentinels to intercept
 The cohorts of the desert,—clouds of sand
 That, borne on tropic winds, forever seek
 To subjugate the land.

At last we came,
 Through avenues of sphinxes, to that gate,
 The massive pylon called of Ptolemy.
 Above the entrance showed the wingéd disk,
 The mystic symbol of great Amen-Ra,
 Of Amen-Ra, the sovereign god of Thebes.

Silent with awe we entered. On all sides
 Colossal statues and great columns rose;
 Gigantic obelisks and pylons tall;
 Great courts and ruined walls of temples vast.
 The Theban gods, Mut, Khuns, and Amen-Ra,
 Still seem to hold strange vigils in the place,
 So rich is it in symbols of their prime.

Imagination peopled all the halls;
 Ghosts of departed kings came forth to view
 The intruders; shades of priests who served
 Forgotten dynasties went mumbling past;

The gods themselves were peering out at us
Behind each pictured wall and sculptured
stone.

In long procession, came the toilers back,
Bowed with the burdens that they once did bear,
Burdens laid down thousands of years ago.

Ah, these were they who built the temples vast;
Who wrought the stately columns into shape,
And skyward pointed the great obelisks,—
These nameless toilers of the ancient days—
These, not the tyrant kings, built stone on
stone

This great memorial of their martyrdom.

Rapt thus in Fancy's vision, straight we
climbed
To top of that great gateway facing west,
And gazed upon the wonders of the land.
Ruins of ancient grandeur at our feet
Were scattered, framed in fields of waving
grain.

A little distance off, the lagging Nile
Drew through the narrow valley toward the
north.

Beyond the furthest verge of verdant land,
A range of desert hills arose and filled
The far horizon. 'Midst those desert hills,

The kings of ancient Egypt made their tombs—
 Yea, kings who ruled the land in royal state
 E'er Enna wrote his hymn to Father Nile.
 But, Horus pouring down his scorching beams,
 To cooling shades at Luxor we returned,
 And, as we passed along the dusty way,
 Imagination bodied to the mind
 Thebes—royal Thebes with all her "hundred
 gates."

.

What wonder that the sights of such a day
 O'er carried to the visions of the night:
 That sounds of voices from the distant past
 Smote on the dreamer's ear like breaking waves
 Along a rocky shore, beneath a sky
 Where no moon is, and even stars are dim.

'Neath such a sky, in the far land of dreams,
 My soul explored the misty shores of Time,
 Saw nations rise and fall, and peoples fail;
 Religions grow and flourish like the trees,
 Then cast their leaves and die from out the
 earth:

While Phoenix-like yet other races came
 And in yet other ways sought after God.

For ages long I seemed to wander thus
 Amongst the graves of nations, and to list
 The muffled beating of those whelming waves,

From the great ocean of eternity
That in their waters gather all of Time.

At last, recalled I was from that dim shore,
And found myself in my own room again;
When, suddenly beside me, seemed to stand
A giant form, in feature like the King,
Rameses, called The Great, whose statues tall
Adorn the ruined temples of the land.

The phantom spake no word but stood with
 eyes
Stonily staring and lips moving not.
One hand extended was to point the way
Beyond the chamber to the garden path,
The other reached as if to clasp my own.

Awed, yet not fearing, straight my hand I
 gave,
And, though I felt no touch of that strange
 palm,
It still had power to lift and bear me out
Into the night. Down through the garden
 walks
Instant we passed. Fair Luna's slanting
 beams
Poured through the orange trees athwart our
 path;
The gentle breeze, heavy with fragrance, stole

With tiptoe stealthiness from tree to tree,
Collecting tribute from the orange blooms.

We, too, with stealthy feet, that scarcely
seemed
To touch the earth, passed on. Adown the
bank,
Where, all the livelong day, the buffalo,
With patience suited to his drudgery,
The creaking treadmill sakiyeh had turned,
And swift along the river bank we sped.

The sounds of toil of man and beast were
stilled,
Unvexed the ear of sympathy. Sweet Peace,
White wings outspread, was brooding o'er the
land.
Soon on the top of Ptolemy's pylon tall
With my strange guide I stood, and, looking
down,
Beheld where ghosts from centuries long dead,
Through moonlight shadows moved in mystic
dance
Amongst the stately columns to and fro.

Then, for he silent stood, and, stony eyed,
Stared like the statues of great Rameses,
I courage found to ask why I was brought

To that strange place and whom my guide
might be.

The phantom toward me turned, and though
I saw

Nor tremor of the lip, nor moving eye,
Plainly I heard a voice make answer thus:

“I am the double of great Rameses,
The Ka that dwelt within the royal tomb
To be companion to the mummied King
Until his soul returned to claim its own.
Protector of that body tenantless,
I guarded well the hidden royal vault,
Until barbarians from the thieving north
With force made entrance, the rich treasure
stole,
And took away the body of the King.

“Yet still I wait the coming of the soul
From that far underworld whither it went,
And still keep watch of the deserted tomb,
Where the gods, *Anubis* and *Emewet*,
With all the rites by ancient Egypt loved
Bestowed the body of her greatest lord.
Drawn by the potent chords of memory,
I leave my lonely watch on such a night,
To tread again these temples where of yore
He came, the King, for converse with his
gods.”

"And wherefore am I brought?" again I said,
 "To this strange place, at such untimely
 hour?"

He answered: "Long the waiting for the soul
 That comes not. Though three thousand
 years have fled,
 Alone I dwell in that deep sepulcher,
 Yet ever know a sympathetic soul
 And to such always have the wish to speak."

He ceased, and pointing to those barren hills
 In the far west, stood as one wrapt in thought,
 Who to the passing moment gives no heed.
 Then on the startled night wind, lo, there rose
 A voice of power, a mighty wailing voice,
 As of a soul singing of glory past.
 In wonder heard I up the valley roll
 This song of battle and of bloody deeds.

.

"I am Rameses bold.
 In the great days of old,
 By the spear of my might
 Oft I conquered in fight.
 Never fear did I know,
 Never mercy did show.
 In my fury I ran
 In the front of the van,
 And the Hittites assailed,
 Who fought well ere they failed.

"It was I led the fray
 On that glorious day,
 Making wide a dread path
 For my chariots of wrath,
 Shouting, 'Forward ye slaves!
 Ye can rest in your graves
 When the battle is done
 And the victory won,'
 I drove on in my might,
 My spear flashing in light.
 Then the Hittite did quail
 As our blows fell like hail.
 For the gods, though unseen
 By the foe, was the sheen
 Of their martial array,
 Fought beside me that day.

"When the foemen had fled,
 Then we mummied our dead,
 And we laid them away
 To await the glad day,
 When, with souls come again,
 They should once more be men,
 And their offerings bring
 To me, Rameses, King.
 And aloft on the wall
 Of my high temple hall,
 All inscribed by my will,
 Is the story, which still

To this day may be read
Though I'm centuries dead.

"I am Rameses bold,
And my tale hath been told,
Through long ages to men
By the voice and the pen ;
Thus my deeds are made known
From the scroll and the stone.
But no papyrus scroll
Hath yet pictured a soul,
And no sculptor hath art
The quick fiery dart
Of an eye like my own
E'er to carve on a stone.

"O, to live as before,
In the rush and the roar !
All the plaudits of fame
Since my glorious name
Was first wrought on these walls,
Was first heard in these halls,
Each and all I would give
For one hour just to live,
Be a King among men,
Fight the Hittite again."

.
I listened till that weird and awesome voice
In a low wailing sound had died away ;

Then turned to where my phantom guide still
stood.

Sudden, with voice that shook the crumbling
walls,

He cried, as answering that warlike song,
"The soul for which I wait has come again,
'Tis he, the King, returned to claim his own."

And as he cried, he vanished. I alone
Remained in that dread place. In fear to
flee,

More fearful to remain, I starting woke.
What ecstasy to find myself once more
In my own room at Luxor, wide awake!

.
A sound of hurrying footsteps in the hall,
A hand loud knocking at the chamber door,
And voices calling, "It is time to rise!"
Persuaded me that it was all a dream,
A swift phantasmagoria of night,—
Dissolving views on the soul's curtain cast,
With Somnus manager of lamp and slides.

.
Then haste we made that we might cross the
Nile

Before the sun should lift his glowing face
Above the eastern hills. Forth we would ride,
And in the coolness of the early day
Visit the "Valley of the Tombs of Kings."

And soon we stood beside the turbid stream;
 There in a quaint felucca we embarked,
 And as the first pink streamers of the dawn
 Began to flutter o'er the waiting world
 We reached the western shore, that sacred
 shore

Whence Horus daily, as the legend tells,
 Starts on his journey to the underworld;
 To *Twat*, the country where he dwells at night,
 And where Osiris reigns o'er all the dead.

Deep down beneath the cheerful earth it lies,
 Roofed by a sky and traversed by a stream.
 Hither repair the souls of all mankind
 To face Osiris on his judgment throne.
 So runs the legend of the olden times.

To this most sacred shore the dead of Thebes
 Were borne for burial. A strip of green
 Along the river lies; while farther west,
 All honey-combed with tombs the hillsides
 show.

These hillsides were the cemeteries vast
 Of mighty Thebes. Here many of her sons,
 Who in their day were counted wise or great
 Built and adorned their costly temple-tombs.
 In lesser state, here tier on tier were laid
 The generations of her nameless poor.

The morning sunbeams fell with tender touch,
 Painting in gold and crimson royally
 These Libyan hillside graves that open east
 As ever waiting resurrection dawn.

Oh, what a ride was that through the green
 fields!

Then past the temple by great Sethos built,—
 The temple-tomb that on the borderland
 Between the valley and the desert stood,—
 Thence on and up into a narrow gorge,
 Leading 'twixt walls of barren yellow rock,
 At last emerging where its entrance gives
 To that lone mountain fastness called of men,
 "Biban el Muluk," "Valley of the Tombs."

No sign of life appeared in that lone way,
 No voice of bird, nor jackal's cry was heard;
 Silence and desolation reigned o'er all
 As through the dread defile our cortége moved.

A gloomy solitude indeed was it
 To which of old the long procession went,
 Bearing some monarch to his resting place,—
 Some monarch who had ruled with tyrant
 hand
 The destinies of nations and of kings.

Deep cut beneath the mountain are the tombs,
 With branching corridors, and galleries

That lead to lower depths, and hidden nooks
Where ghosts might well abide. Upon the
walls

Of lofty chambers, pictured scenes appear
And carvings wrought millenniums ago;
While on the sides of the great galleries,
Is told in writing of those far-off days,
How good and evil find their just rewards.

In these dim tombs we cared not long to stay,
Nor in the tropic sunshine beating down
Upon the yellow crags with fiery zeal
Untempered by the shadow of a breeze.
So from the Vale of Tombs forthwith we rode,
Cheering the solitude as on we passed
By singing songs of home and native land.

A little while we stayed our homeward haste
To view the Ramesseum, and again
Where sits the solemn Memnon by the Nile
We halted. Listen as we would, no sound
Of melody breathed forth upon the air.
The notes that charmed of old the rising sun
Can charm no more. If e'er he knew to sing,
The rifts of time have "made his music mute."
In silence stern the giant form now sits,
As musing on the woes that wreck the worlds.

Right glad were we to reach the grateful
shade

Of our abode; to walk again beneath
The heavy laden boughs of orange trees;
To pluck the golden fruit and hear anon
The trickle of the water pouring down
From the sakiyeh through the garden rills.

.
And now again beneath the spreading trees,
Behold, we sit in our pavilion wide
And watch the night come down upon the Nile.
Behind those hills where we this morning rode,
The golden sun is lying down to rest;
His couch a royal bed of purple made,
A coverlet of crimson o'er him spread,
All sinking in a sea of sapphire sky.

The desert hills stretch their bare arms to
heaven,
And from the wealth of gorgeous color take
What e'er they will to deck themselves withal.
Upon their heads and o'er their naked sides
A shimmering veil of melted glory falls,—
An iridescent veil that flames and fades,
Displaying shades of color that no eye
Of mortal ever yet elsewhere beheld;
As if the bows of Iris, broken all
And changed to dust impalpable were strewn
To make the twilight of this rainless land.

Fit place to lay away the mighty dead
Where evening decks their tombs so splendidly.

The river 'neath this tropic twilight spreads,
An opal, full of fire from shore to shore;
But, changing ever, now it seems to hide,
Under a sheen of pure translucent pearl,
All precious gems the teeming Orient knows.

Now, like a stream of molten gold it rolls
In shining grandeur toward the waiting sea;
Now, ruby red, and now both red and gold
With green of emerald and chrysolite
And amethystine shadows intermixed.

The purple deepens as the night comes on,
Until at last we see the gold no more,
And all the crimson fire has died away.
The purple stream is lost in purple sky
And night is seated on his ebon throne.

.

O land of Egypt, land of mystery,
We see thy wonders yet we know thee not.
Forever hidden 'neath thine Isis veil,
Thou bafflest inquiry like thine own Sphinx.
Thy Sphinx the sole fit symbol is of thee.
Behind her lies a waste of shifting sands,
Yet placid looks she toward each coming dawn.

So hast thou sat since history began,
 Upon the borders of that older world
 Where lie the buried æons of the past,
 Forever looking toward the future morns.
 Old wert thou, old and wise, when other lands
 Lay wrapped in swaddling clothes, just newly
 born.

Thou didst instruct the nations. They did
 con

Their earliest lessons sitting at thy feet.
 Thy torch of learning shed its rays afar
 Beyond the Euxine and Ægean seas
 And all the shores of Europe were illumed,
 Lighting their lamps at thy benignant flame.

Whence came thy wisdom? Hadst thou
 teacher e'er?

Sphinx-like, O Egypt, thou wilt answer not.
 Nor need we think to force the truth from thee.
 Abydos may report of Menes' reign
 Where temple piled on temple ruined lie,
 The lowest depth thy secret cannot tell
 Since thou wert full of years when Menes came.

O land of Egypt, land of mystery,
 Unknown wilt thou remain, thy buried years
 Uncounted. Though thy crumbling monu-
 ments

Tell every tale they know of ancient days;

Though thy deep tombs be searched in Learning's name;
 Though vandal hands drag all thy treasures forth,
 And in museums pile thy mummied dead,
 To glut the eye of curiosity,
 Thy secret will remain thy secret still.

Though kingdoms come and go, and empires fail,
 Still wilt thou sit amidst thy desert hills,
 Watching the mornings of the nations rise,
 Their evenings die away in purple night,
 Thine eye untroubled and thy brow serene.

No living nation heard thy morning hymn,
 And none shall chant for thee an evening dirge;
 For whilst thy lover, Nilus, pours his floods,
 Egypt, thou canst not die. Thy life secure
 In that abundant life, thou still must sit,
 The Sphinx amongst the nations of the world.

The Woods in Spring

BEHOLD the naked trees and shrubs,
 Their modesty confessing!
 Each weaves a veil around itself,
 To hide behind while dressing.

Florence from Fiesole

NO fairer city shines beneath the morn,
 Than Florence, lovely Rose of Tuscany,—
 The brightest blossom in the garland worn
 Upon the brow of sun-bright Italy.

From old Fiesole's embattled height,
 With forests, gardens, villas all bedight,
 We view the beauty of this Tuscan Rose,
 Embosomed in her calyx of green hills;
 The air is filled with fragrance she distils.
 We watch where graceful Arno winding goes
 Beneath the bridges five,—a slender stem
 On which to hang this fair and flower-like
 gem;—

Note in the west Monte Albano rise,
 While higher still, as if to climb the skies,
 Far famed Carrara lifts its marble crown,
 That turns to gold when e'er the sun goes
 down.

Behind, above us tower the Apennines,
 With Vallombrosa's Vale not far away,
 Where silent monks of old were wont to pray:
 In light of kindly deeds their memory still
 shines.

Across the valley, glowing in the light,
 San Miniato rises on our sight;

Around it gray-green olive trees make cheer
 For somber cypresses encamping near;
 Gay vineyards scale the sunny slopes behind,
 And shake their blossoms in each passing wind.
 Here Saint Guilberto found 'twas sweet to live
 When he obeyed the mandate to forgive.

Near by we see that gray and ancient tower,
 Where centuries ago, at midnight hour,
 Lone Galileo, with his wondrous glass,
 Watched shining orbs through heavenly spaces
 pass,
 Until, himself becoming heavenly wise,
 He learned to read the lesson of the skies.

Brave Bellosguardo, further to the west,
 In royal robes of spring-time gaily dressed,
 Is bending o'er the vale to catch a gleam
 Of her own smiling face in smiling Arno
 stream.

Thus from our terraced hill we gaze around,
 Enraptured with each scene. In this high
 place,
 Nothing can come to us of sight or sound
 But has its special charm. We stand on sacred
 ground.
 Imagination wakes, and gives an added grace.

These are the hills the poet Dante knew,
We view the land to which his heart so true
Oft turned when, exile from his own loved home,
A tyrant power forced him afar to roam.

We hear the bird songs that he once did hear,
Their melody fell sweetly on his ear.
He found an echo for each separate tone.
From voice of lark and nightingale he learned
The music of his measures, that have turned
Language whose "name was Legion" into one
Smooth-flowing, musical sonorous tongue
Wherein the world delights to hear the songs
 he sung.

Boccaccio also wandered 'mongst these hills,
Hearkened to murmur of their thousand rills,
And in each forest nook and quiet dale
He found the subject for some merry tale;
Enriched the growing language of his day
By well told stories either grave or gay;
Taught word and phrase in tuneful sound to
 flow,
Like rippling rill o'er mossy stones below,
Till from the dialects of races rose
His rich melodious Italian prose.

We turn where Florence in the vale below,
So peaceful lies, without a sign of woe,
Nor wonder that her sons have loved her so.

Nature and art have with each other vied
To give her grace and beauty. Nature laid
The sepals of her mountain calyx wide
And in harmonious colors each arrayed,
While Art at call of human genius came
And carved the petals that enhance her fame.

There Giotto's tower of beauty rises high,
With Brunelleschi's dome expanding nigh.
The bridges five the sinuous Arno span,
Spire, palace, garden everything that man
To please the eye could by his genius plan.

.

And yet this city that we look upon
Bears scars of wounds received in days long
gone,
When fire and sword served cruelty and scorn.
This lovely Tuscan Rose is not without its
thorn.

But yester morn we saw fair flowers strewn
Above the place where fagots once were sown.
Thus Tuscans seek the dreadful scars to hide
That mark the place where Savonarola died.

For now they love his sainted name to hear,
And on this hallowed spot drop many a pious
tear.

O evil day, when Florence, stricken dumb
By envious strife beheld her noblest come
To this their place of cruel martyrdom.
But blessed day for those whose hearts no more
Can be by cruelty or sorrow torn,
Whose spirits like sweet incense upward soar,
In joy to greet the everlasting morn.

Ghiberti's golden gates no more surprise,
Vision is clear, and gone is earth's disguise,
For them have opened wide the gates of Para-
dise.

Not far from the cathedral we discern
The spire of Santa Croce pierce the sky,
As if to point the way his soul did fly
Whose body sleeps beneath in burial urn.

O Michael Angelo, most honored son
Now praised is all the work thy hand hath done,
Yet thou didst know ingratitude and hate and
scorn,

For fickle Florence pierced thy noble heart
with many and many a thorn.

Our golden day slides down the golden west,
We, like the birds, must seek our place of rest.

So e'er Carrara dons his purple cap,
 And gay Val d'Arno settled for a nap,
 We once more scan the dear enchanting sight,
 More fair at sunset than in morning light.
 Sweet Rose of Tuscany, thy petals fold
 Around a heart that never can grow old!
 —Where Beauty dwells, fond Youth must still
 remain.—
 Sleep till to-morrow's dawn shall break the
 chain
 Of darkness, and returning day shall bid thee
 smile again.

God made the hills, but man the cities made;
 And Florence, bright with sun, or touched by
 shade,
 Of wandering cloud, from mountain top came
 down,
 Of cities man has built, is Beauty's crown.
 Like spotless pearl in flawless emerald set,
 She lives within our hearts, nor will we soon
 forget,
 The beatific visions of this day spent on her
 lofty hillside parapet.

Sleep

THE angel, Sleep, sits by my bed all night,
 And loves me best when I forget her quite.

Yesterday

OH the yesterdays of life!
How with joys their hours were rife!
Joys that flew too quick away,
On the wings of yesterday.

CHORUS:

*Yesterday, yesterday,
Oh, the joys of yesterday!
Heart, no more canst thou be gay
As thou wert but yesterday.*

New friends come, and new friends go;
Old loves dearer are we know.
Some have passed from earth away,
Who were with us yesterday.

CHORUS:

Still love's golden glory falls,
Lighting Memory's mystic halls;
And within our hearts they stay,
Who were with us yesterday.

CHORUS:

Oh the yesterdays of life!
How with joys their hours were rife!
Heart of mine hold fast for aye
All the joys of yesterday.

CHORUS:

Tomorrow

THROUGH hours of sunshine and of rain,
Through scenes of pleasure and of
sorrow

I follow, though my quest be vain,
That phantom form—To-morrow.

CHORUS:

*No more of sin and sorrow,
No trouble more to borrow,
Could I some day, not far away,
But overtake To-morrow.*

And shall I overtake that form?

That phantom form that woos me ever?
I hasten on, through calm and storm:
She woos, but waits, no, never.

CHORUS:

If ere, perchance, I thought she stayed
Her onward course that she might greet me,
Instead, in old gray coat arrayed,
To-day stepped forth to meet me.

CHORUS:

Forever sought, yet never found,
As fast I follow, faster fleeting!
Though I should journey earth around,
She will not wait my greeting.

CHORUS:

The True American

WHO is the true American?
 Not he who, full of plot and plan,
 Works ever with his might and main
 Self's greedy projects to maintain.

Who loves his country and her cause,
 Shields her fair name, upholds her laws,
 Respects the rights of brother man,
He is the true American.

Not accident of birth alone,
 Shall give America her own.
 They are her sons who ever stand
 For righteousness in any land,
 For freedom, justice, love, and truth;
 Revere old age; give help to youth;
 Who will not wrench a selfish gain
 From any brothers woe and pain.
 Such sons this land of freedom claims,
 How e'er they write their homes or names.

Let Virtue lead, Success await
 To crown those early at her gate.
 Who in forefront of Virtue's van
 Marches, is true American.

And one there is whose world-wide fame
 Scarce needs that we should speak his name;
 Old Scotia claimed him at his birth,
 Now he belongs to all the earth;
 And chiefly to this country grand,
 Where he developed heart and hand,
 And learned with such consummate skill
 Life's sacred duties to fulfil.
 For surely on such noble plan
 Is built the true American.

Wealth oft possesses men, not they
 The wealth they think to store away.
 They only are possessed of wealth
 Who know to use what else were pelf.

Locked coffers coffins are where great
 And good deeds lie in buried state:
 Turn but the key, behold, they rise—
 Angels of love and high emprise.

Our hero gathered golden store,
 No heart of man need wish for more;
 Yet, ever at the cry of need
 Open his coffer lids with speed;
 His angels fly the wide world o'er
 With blessings from that golden store.

They set great organ pipes to raise
The soul to Heaven on wings of praise;
Or comfort Sorrow, bending low,
By measured music sweet and slow:

And in the crowded busy town,
Where Ignorance and Evil frown,
And where the streaming thousands go,
Great libraries build where all who know
The love of books may sit at ease,
Ignoring class and caste decrees.
Nor black, nor white their blessings bound,
In good to all their work is found.
Uplifting everywhere the same;
Unminding color, class, or name;
Knowing *that* ignorance most a sin
Which one man keeps his brother in.

These loving angels of his will,
In every land his tasks fulfil.
Their white wings hover o'er the slave;
Their strong hands reach to lift and save;
And where the Juggernaut of war
Goes crashing in his cruel car,
E'en there their tears of pity rain—
A healing balm, assuaging pain.

And all the world shall love him well
Who palace builds where Peace may dwell;

Where she may sit at high command,
 And rule the kings of every land,
 Teaching mankind the better way
 All strife to heal, ills to allay;
 Till booming cannon sound no more
 And warring nations strife give o'er.

Life, Light and Love

LIFE were not life did Love not light its
 day.

Love were not love did Life not give it sway
 And light of life and love are one alway.

The love of life is but a light of love;
 A ray that breaks from the eternal love,
 Guiding our spirits to the heaven above.

And love, sweet love, is very light of life
 Gilding the dark, the danger and the strife
 With which our weary earthly way is rife.

Life, Light and Love three strands of shining
 braid

Woven in heaven where all things fair are made!
 If these abide together none can fade.

Ophir, Colorado

THE CHAMOUNI OF THE ROCKIES

HAIL to the glories of Ophir town,
 With its Ophir canyon leading down,
 And the Ophir morn so fresh and new,
 And the Ophir eve when day is through.

Here the mountain breezes romp and play,
 From rosy dawn till the close of day;
 While cumulus clouds are piled on high,
 In a glorious dome of azure sky.

On the lower hills the forests climb,
 And through all the gladsome summer time,
 The birds that nest in the forest shade,—
 Gay troubadours of the glen and glade,—
 Pour in songs that ring through the mountains
 old,
 The tales by whispering aspens told;
 While the leaping torrents shout reply
 As with swish and swirl they hurry by.

On the higher slopes the tall, dark pine
 Points to the wavering timber line:
 Beyond and above, the rocky heights
 Glisten and gleam in the changing lights,—

Now, rosy red in the sunshine glow,
Now, dark and grey when the storm winds blow.

Their sides were riven by earthquake shock,
In days when the hills did roll and rock;
When Mother Nature the canyon made,
Where streams now dash through the forest
glade.

We view the scars of that awful day
When forces of nature, mad with play,
Lifted and rifted in Titan glee,
The wondrous mountains that now we see.

Those scars are white with the mantling snow,
Above the steeps where the pine trees grow.
The deep ravine, where the boulders ride
The avalanche down the mountain side,
Was formed when the seismic monsters pranced,
And the youthful mountains skipped and
danced.

And still when the morning sunbeams play
O'er the hoary summits grim and gray,
They blush and bloom as with youth's delight,
Unmindful of age and coming night.

Again when rays of the sun's decline
Have touched those heights with a light divine,

They blush and bloom in the waning light,
To a shadowed world, Heaven's sweet "Good
Night."

Hail then to glories of Ophir town,
And to Ophir canyon leading down,
And to mountains grand that seem to say,
"We look toward Heaven and point the way."

Easter Morning

BLEST Easter with joy we behold thee ad-
vancing,

The night with its shadows has fled far away;
The light of thy smile on the hilltops is
glancing,

Thy fair form we see at the gateway of day.

O, heart of the midnight, rejoice in the dawn-
ing,

O, hope that was failing revive once again;
A song like that sung by the stars of the
morning

Resounds over mountain and valley and
plain.

Ye winds of the morn, waft the sweet music
 o'er us,
 On pinions of light let it soar through the
 sky,
 Each star a grand note in the glad Easter
 chorus
 That rings through the earth and is echoed
 on high.

Then welcome fair Easter, thy garments of
 morning
 Betoken a hope that is bright as the light.
 Thy presence, with beauty this wide earth
 adorning,
 Forbids us to think of the darkness of night.

Our Father in Heaven in mercy hath sent thee,
 To speak to our hearts of the glory above;
 Thy radiant garments He also hath lent thee,
 To teach us how bright is the light of His
 Love.

With fragrance of blossoms we hasten to meet
 thee,
 Thou dearest and gladdest of all the glad
 days;
 With triumphant song and loud anthem we
 greet thee,
 And twine thee a garland of joy, love, and
 praise.

The Dryad's Song

A DRYAD of the tree am I
And forever young and fair,
When the wind plays in the tree top
I let loose my flowing hair.

When the tempest rolls and rocks me
Then I fling my arms in glee,
Only fire-winged lightning daunts me,
I'm the dryad of the tree.

In a deep, dark forest growing,
Long ago, yes long ago,
This great tree was but a sapling,
Growing upward very slow.

I to give it grace and beauty
Labored ever day and night
Stretching out its tiny branches,
Drawing upward toward the light.

Then the red man on the river
Paddled in his bark canoe;
Full his quiver was of arrows,
And the graceful deer he slew.

Swift of foot, and stern of features
 Strode he through the forest dim;
 Monarch seemed of living creatures,
 Yet the world was not for him.

From the roseate land of sunrise,
 Came the white man and his bride;
 Felled the tree, and built the cabin,
 Dwelt as equals side by side.

While before them fled the Indian,
 Fled the Huron far away,
 Toward the "Hunting Grounds" of Heaven,
 Past the gates of dying day.

Wyandot, Huron, all are vanished,
 All that gave or suffered wrong;
 I, alone, can tell the story
 Of that long ago,—so long.

Happy homes and stately mansions
 Crowd the hills where forests grew;
 In the streets are jostling thousands
 Ever seeking something new.

In a nearby meadow rising,
 On the cattle I look down,
 As they graze in peaceful pasture
 'Neath the shadow of my crown.

When the warm spring sun is shining,
From each crowded city street,
Come the children laughing, singing,
Seeking violets at my feet.

Seeking violets and daisies,
And the pure anemone,
Blood-root, painted cup and crane bill
In the shadow of my tree.

Little thinking, how in mem'ry
Of the days of long ago,
I can see the little Indian
Shooting arrows from his bow.

Yet though all around me changes,
Old ideals I keep in view;
Still aspiring, struggling upward
Ever upward toward the blue.

And whenever blows the tempest,
Wide I wave my arms in glee;
Only fire-winged lightning daunts me,
I'm the dryad of the tree.

*My Bluebird*¹

FROM the lawn to the branch,
 From the branch to the lawn,
 Now he's here, now he's there,
 Now again he is gone!
 With a dash and a flash
 My sweet bluebird is gone.

As he shot through the air,
 His bright pinions outspread,
 Lo, the sky up on high
 Seemed with gray overspread,
 The blue sky up on high
 Was to gray changed instead.

For the wings of my bird,
 Such a bright blue were they
 That the sky up on high
 For a moment looked gray;
 In the flash of his wings
 For an instant turned gray.

With a whizz and a whirr,
 With a whirr and a whizz,
 Here again, there again,
 Do but look where he is!
 How he sings as he swings!
 What a rapture is his!

On the very tip top
 Of the tree now he swings,
 With the topmost of bliss
 In his heart as he sings;
 And a bluer than heaven's
 Own blue in his wings.

Not a leaf on the tree!
 Yet his faith is so strong
 That he pours forth his heart
 In his eloquent song.
 "Spring is here"; hark, oh hear!
 How the message rings clear
 In his eloquent song.

The branch where he sits
 Throbs with life once again;
 The buds swell with joy
 As they hear the refrain,
 Near to bursting with joy
 As they hear the refrain.

All the grasses look up
 To the branch where he clings,
 While the violets make note
 Of the blue of his wings,—
 They will order spring gowns
 Just the shade of those wings.

And my heart hath its part;
 For my heart it is won
 By this gayest of songsters
 That sings 'neath the sun;
 Yet I never can tell
 When his sweet song is done.

Ah, now it is ended!
 Hark, again 'tis begun!
 No, I never can tell
 When his sweet song is done.

Roundelay, then away,
 Then returns as before,
 As if not sure himself
 He has finished the score.
 See him swing! hear him sing!
 Bless his heart evermore.

Comfort in Bereavement

WHEN those who love us fade from sight,
 And we no more with them can be,
 The thought that cheers our lonely night
 Is this: Dear Lord, they are with Thee.

Home Where the Heart Is

'TIS home, sweet, sweet home when my
darling is near me,
No matter in what foreign land we may
stray;
I'm nowhere at home, and find little to cheer
me,
When ever my dear one is far, far away.

To-day in the treetops the dear birds were
singing;
Their love-notes had little of music for me:
My heart, my sad heart, was away and a-wing-
ing
To where my own true love was thinking of
me.

O, beautiful hours of my life, swiftly flying,
Not often, indeed, would I hasten your
flight.
When he is away there can be no denying,
The swifter your pinions the more my de-
light.

He is coming, is coming, has written to warn
me!
What rapture to know that he soon will be
here!

With blossoms he loves I will haste to adorn
me;
For home is sweet home again, now he is
near.

Musings

OF T as I sit and muse, such dreams come o'er
me

As comforted the saints in days of yore,
As though on viewless wings some angel bore
me

Beyond the pale of earth to Heaven's bright
shore.

For, as I dream, from over fields elysian,
There seems to be upon my being poured
Such wealth of fancy, such imagination,
Almost I see the City of the Lord.

Its gates of pearl, its walls with jasper glowing
And streets of gold not so enrapture me,
As that pure Stream that from the Throne is
flowing,
And, on its banks, Life's many-fruited Tree.

Here shall the nations gather for their healing,
Here bind their wounds with leaves from that
fair Tree,

Prophetic vision! see the cohorts wheeling!
 They come to taste thy bread, Eternity!

No more the clang of battle and of warring
 Compels the heart to pity, eyes to weep.
 The sound of arms, the drum's discordant
 jarring,
 No more shall rouse the weary from their
 sleep.

Here sorrow, pain, and mortal life's vexations
 Are all unknown, or linger but to add,
 Through mem'ry, knowledge of those tribula-
 tions
 That, having ceased, make Heaven itself more
 glad.

Eternal peace, that like a river floweth
 In melody eternal, here hath sway.
 Eternal Love eternal peace bestoweth
 And hearts and voices praise our God for
 aye.

Thus while I sit and muse amid the shadows,
 My spirit often roameth far away
 To that fair country with the shining meadows,
 Where Love and Light reign through eternal
 Day.

Fireside Travel

A TRIP TO STRESA, ITALY

I SAID, "This is a stormy night,
The wind howls o'er the mesa,
No friend will come to us to-night,
How can we make the evening bright?
I feel both lone and lazy."

He said, "Although the night be lone,
That need not set one crazy,
The wind outside may howl and moan,
Our inner kingdom is our own,
Let's take a trip to Stresa."

We sat us down within our room,
Our room so warm and cozy,
No more we noted north wind's boom,
Our fire leaped high to light the gloom,
Our fire so bright and rosy.

A minute later off were we
Crossing the ocean breezy,
A wink, and north through Italy
To Stresa, where we wished to be,
By journey safe and easy.

Nor car nor boat had we to pay,
 Nor tip to any porter,
 On Fancy's wings we flew away,
 Our schedule named nor stop nor stay
 For any baggage sorter.

We passed old Rome without delay,
 We saw the foaming Tresa,
 Signalled Lugano on the way,
 Lugano loved that other day,
 But kept right on to Stresa.

I cried, "No place so dear as this
 In all this world of wonder:
 All things that man has made I'd miss,
 To look upon this land of bliss,
 And sit its rose trees under.

"My roses on the chapel climb,
 My lark in heaven is roaming;
 Just wait until the even time,
 My nightingale with rhythm and rhyme,
 Will animate the gloaming.

"A thousand birds in woodland gay,
 Their merry notes are trilling;
 And gentle breezes of the May
 The locust trees along each way,
 With fragrance now are filling."

He said, "You're over fond of song"—

The lark had ceased his pæan—
 "Come walk with me the lake along
 And watch cloud shadows play among
 The islands Borromean."

"To-morrow with your lark we'll rise,
 And, though the paths be stony,
 We'll clamber upward toward his skies,
 I'm sure that you the view will prize
 From Monte Mottarone.

"There we will find the rivers four,
 And hear them sing the story
 Of how they leap the ledges o'er
 Till they are lost forevermore
 In smiling lake Maggiore."

I said, "When twilight shades come down
 Upon each flower and fountain,
 We'll watch, the beauteous day to crown,
 The lake put on its evening gown,
 And night climb up the mountain."

Soon from our balcony we saw
 Heaven's jewel stars come beaming,
 We watched them with a sacred awe,
 And myriad answering signals saw,
 Upon the hillsides gleaming.

Those glowing orbs, in grand array,
 Filled night's high dome with glory,
 While golden stars, as bright as they,
 Sprang up to catch each heaven-born ray
 In darkling lake Maggiore.

The nightingale with voice divine,
 His gratitude was pouring
 To Him who made those stars to shine:
 His music stirred our thoughts like wine,
 And sent them heavenward soaring.

On morrow's morn, the joyous lark
 Was high in azure ranging;
 We tried his lofty way to mark,
 We could not see, we could but hark
 His melody unchanging.

And ever as we clambered o'er
 The mountain path so stony,
 Higher and higher, on before,
 The voice that lured us from the shore
 Rose over Mottarone.

We wandered here, we wandered there,
 Through woodland, over mountain,
 Found beauty, beauty everywhere,
 We drank it in from earth and air,
 From stream and sky and fountain.

Thus Fancy showed us visions bright
That erst our eyes had noted:
The lake with beauty all bedight,
The fairy islands of delight
On which our memory doted.

In thirty minutes, by our clock,
While winds howled o'er the mesa,
And loudly at our doors did knock,
Away from cold and tempest shock,
We spent a week in Stresa.

I said, "The fire is burning low,
I'm no more sad nor lazy,
Yet think that it is time to go
Where dreams may lovely islands show
As those we know at Stresa."

He said, "Our kingdom is the mind,
So when storms set you crazy,
A fireside schedule we will find
And, on a train swifter than wind,
We'll go again to Stresa."

Arlington Heights, Virginia

O'ER a tired world the gentle twilight falls,
 Faint shimmerings of glory flood the sky,
 A heavenly peace the weary heart enthralls;
 Night comes apace; the time for rest is nigh.

Yet still we linger while the sentry stars
 Come one by one with soft and silent tread
 To watch, till Day her orient gate unbars,
 In their appointed places over head.

Thus night by night, on their celestial beat,
 The starry hosts in calm procession go:
 As knowing what for heroes is most meet,
 They rain their radiance on the graves below.

Come peace, come war, come conquest, come
 defeat,
 These heavenly orbs, that now high vigil
 keep,
 Through æons yet to be will still repeat
 Their night watch o'er the place where heroes
 sleep.

Methinks the star-beams linger tenderly,
 Upon the monuments that cluster near;
 And that tall shaft that rises slenderly
 Like sheeted ghost, half fills our hearts with
 fear.

We linger longest where the star-beams keep
 Their tenderest tryst with shadows deep and
 cold,
 By that great grave where twice one thousand
 sleep;
 Where twice one thousand hearts are turned
 to mold.

The "Unknown Dead"! oh, gentle star-beams
 play
 Most gently o'er these saddest words, that
 tell,
 Not when, nor where, nor who has passed away;
 But only this, that twice one thousand fell.

The towering shaft proclaims to all the name
 Of one, who, answering his country's call,
 Found in her service, glory, honor, fame;
 The twice one thousand dead gave name and
 all.

O lonely mothers, watching far away
 For those brave boys who never more re-
 turned,
 And fathers, searching lists, from day to day,
 Of dead and wounded, how your sad hearts
 yearned!

Here twice one thousand unknown dead are
laid,

Yet none can say, "Here sleeps my darling
son,"

And none, "My father's grave with these is
made";

"Unknown" they sleep and nameless every-
one.

But Arlington hath gathered to her breast

These many forms that else had slept alone,
And, building for them all one place of rest,
Above it set her monumental stone.

"Unknown, unknown, and nameless evermore,"

We sigh, and turn our eyes to gaze afar,
Where in the ether deeps those bright orbs
soar,

And, lo! our tears have haloed every star.

Here, in this sacred place, without surcease

White stones like hands reach upward toward
the sky,

As supplicating heaven that war should cease,
And in men's hearts the love of carnage die.

These cold, white stones seem all to cry aloud

To heaven to usher in that blessed day

When Peace shall reign, and never battle cloud
Rise to bedim the splendor of her sway.

O, War, thou greatest scourge in this fair
world,

When will men cease to glorify thy shame?

O, Peace, when will thy banner be unfurled,
And all mankind do honor to thy name?

Charles Gordon Ames

FOR HIS SEVENTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY

HOW shall we dower this goodly child?"
The waiting angels said.

Three times they circled his cradle round,
And blessed him in his bed.

"Lo, I will give him a compass true,
To show his path aright;
Through darkness drear, through doubt and
fear

It points to the Land of Light."

Faith, stooping, laid in the folded hands
A crystal compass clear.

"If he walk by faith not sight," she said,
"He will not need to fear."

Then, gently kissing those tiny hands,
 She went her gracious way;
But the compass needle in his soul
 Still heavenward points to-day.

“My gift a glorious star shall be,
 Whose rays can pierce the gloom
Of the blackest cloud or darkest night
 And brighten e’en the tomb.

“Life’s pathway, for this darling child,
 Shall irradiated be
By the star of hope until he stands
 Beside the jasper sea.”

Upon his forehead the angel Hope
 Her hand of blessing placed;
And the glory of that shining touch
 The years have not effaced.

Then one, the sweetest of them all, bent
 Over the cradle rim,
Folding the sleeping babe in her arms,
 She gently lifted him.

She kissed him on lips and eyes and brow
 And clasped him to her breast;
He smiled in his sleep, so glad was he
 In arms of Love to rest.

“A little flame of love I bring
 To burn in thy heart for aye,
 And brighter glow as thou speedest toward
 The light of perfect day.

“A flame of love divine, with its
 Wonderful kindling power,
 This, this the choicest gift of heaven,
 Dear child, be this thy dower.”

Thus did they dower the goodly child,
 The waiting angels three.
 Thus thrice did they bless him in his bed,—
 Thrice blessed still is he.

National Hymn

COLUMBIA, land by Heaven blest,
 Thou hast no North, South, East or West.
 One, undivided, glad and free,
 From lakes to gulf, from sea to sea.

*O native land, dear native land,
 Forever free from strand to strand,
 One, undivided shalt thou stand,
 O well beloved native land.*

Atlantic wakes thee with the roar
Of matin song along thy shore;
Pacific vespers lull to rest
Where sinks the sun low in the west.

*O native land, my native land,
The oceans guard on either hand;
And thus protected shalt thou stand
My dear, my glorious native land.*

From wide-spread field on hill and plain,
The farmer reaps thy golden grain;
The hardy miner treasure seeks,
Beneath thy snow-crowned mountain peaks.

*O native land, my native land,
Thy golden grain, thy golden sand,
Raise sons of toil to freemen grand,
O bountiful, dear native land.*

Floating thy banner of the free,
Thy great ships plow earth's farthest sea:
O, may they never recreant be
To that fair flag of liberty!

*O native land, dear native land,
The waters part at thy command,
The nations "at attention" stand,
When thou dost speak, exalted land.*

Thy statesmen wise for thee have wrought;
Thy heroes brave for thee have fought;
The sweetest song by poet sung
With praise of native land has rung.

*O native land, beloved land,
The hero gives both heart and hand,
The poet sings at thy command,
Thou song-compelling native land.*

Our father's God, to Thee we call,
Thou art our sun, our shield, our all;
Be cloud by day and fire by night,
To guide our native land aright.

*O native land, exalted land,
For righteousness forever stand,
To all the world be helping hand,
So Heaven shall bless thee, native land.*

*Elizabeth or Katharine,
Which?*

ELIZABETH and Katharine!
Full well I love them both;
But which one is the dearer friend,
To tell I am quite loth.

If I the very truth must own,
Myself can hardly say:
I love them both exceeding well,
Each in a different way.

I to my own belovéd said,
“Dear, please this case decide:
You know me well, and you can tell.
Your judgment I’ll abide.”

He said: “I think Elizabeth
Is dearer to your heart.
You are always happy with her
And always sad to part.”

“What! better than my Katharine?”

I cried, in great surprise,

“No sweeter soul than Katharine
This side of Paradise!”

“If I were ill, oh, very ill,

And could not lift my head,

I’d have you send for Katharine
To sit beside my bed.

“Her heart o’erflows with faith and hope,

And love shines from her eyes;

And I would think of blessed ones
That dwell beyond the skies,

“And I could sleep if Katharine

Would sit beside my bed;

For pain would ease if she but turned
The pillow ’neath my head.”

“True, true, I see I am quite wrong,”

My own belovéd said.

“It is not gay Elizabeth,
But Katharine instead.”

“Her loving eyes, her low replies,
Her gentle, gentle smile,
Each helps in part her artless art
All anguish to beguile.”

“Elizabeth, of course, is dear,
But Katharine dearer far.
She, in friendship’s constellation,
Must shine the brighter star.”

“What! dearer than Elizabeth?”
I cried aloud, “Oh, no!
Not dearer than Elizabeth!
That never could be so.”

“If I, for many weary days,
Upon my couch had lain,
An were slowly convalescing
With freedom from all pain,

“I’d have my dear Elizabeth
To sit beside my bed,
And tell me jolly tales, and turn
The pillow ’neath my head.

“She would be the blesséd angel
Of peace that follows pain ;
And I would quaff her cheery laugh,
As earth drinks summer rain.

“Elizabeth with golden hair,
A golden heart has she ;
And her voice like sweetest music
Unto my heart would be.”

Then outspoke my own belovéd,
Quite scornfully spoke he,
“Elizabeth or Katharine?
Bring not such quiz to me.

“For now,” he said, “I see that you,
Like all of womankind,
Are given to vacillation
And prone to change your mind.”

“Not so ; I never change,” I cried ;
“I keep the selfsame mind.
Each is so rare, that to compare
With other seems unkind.

“Elizabeth and Katharine!
I love them each so well
That which dear friend is dearer friend,
I’m sure I cannot tell.

“A sacred precinct in my heart,
To each is consecrate.
So which one is the dearer friend
’Twere idle to debate.

“Each in her own true place has reigned
Many, many a day;
And each shall hold my loyal heart
Forever and for aye.”

From Los Angeles to San José

THE sapphire sea lies dreaming
Beneath a dome of light:
The blazing sun is smiting
All its waves with arrows bright;

On our right the emerald mountains
Rise on high to get a view
Of the fair and distant islands,
Set in foam-decked tides of blue:

As swiftly we are riding
On this lovely April day,
From the "City of the Angels"
To San José.

Now we look on fields of poppies,
Golden as the light that falls,
Now, we glimpse at rocks and ledges
Where the fearless sea-bird calls;

Now we lift our eyes toward heaven
Where the great peaks climb so tall,
Now we turn our vision seaward
Where the breakers rise and fall,

As swiftly we are riding,
On this charming April day,
From the "City of the Angels"
To San José.

And anon the plains grow wider,
Spreading out to distant view;
Gleaming in alfalfa meadows
Flowers of every shade and hue.

FronDED palm, and live-oak stately,
And the graceful pepper-tree,
Gently wave their arms in chorus,
Wave farewell to you and me,

As swiftly we are riding,
We are riding on our way
From the "City of the Angels"
To San José.

Soon we climb those lofty mountains
And through darksome tunnels rush;
Then emerge in upland valleys
Where are meadows green and lush;

See the peaceful cattle lying
On the cool and flower-decked sod
That is carpet for the pastures
Of the thousand hills of God,

As riding, swiftly riding,
We dash along our way
From the "City of the Angels"
To San José.

Ever changing are the landscapes
As we quickly past them fly;
But, unchanged, we see above us,
Over all the same blue sky.

Oh the vastness of the ocean!
Oh the beauty of the hills!
Oh the glory of the heavens!
How my very being thrills,

With wonder and with rapture
As we swiftly ride to-day,
From the "City of the Angels"
To San José.

Peace is Coming

PEACE is coming to the nations, we have
hailed her from afar,
We have seen her in the heavens like a bright
though distant star,
She is coming to the nations; lo! the gates are
set ajar,
Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah!

Peace is coming, Peace is coming, she shall
rule on land and sea,
Love and Justice sit beside her on her throne
of victory:
She shall calm the warring nations in thy
name, Humanity.
She is coming, surely coming, hallelujah.

Peace is coming to the nations and our songs
with rapture swell,
Very soon will arbitration take the place of
shot and shell,
In the throats of rusting canonn soon the doves
of peace may dwell.
Peace is coming, quickly coming, hallelujah.

On the viewless wings of ether now the word of
hope can fly,
When the tempest sweeps the ocean and the
combers climb the sky.
The thunderous guns of navies will be silent
by and by.
Peace is coming, surely coming, hallelujah!

Soon shall airships fly the azure e'en as flies
the homing dove,
Not with missiles of destruction, but with
messages of love,
Men no more be food for powder, thanks and
praise to God above.
Peace is coming, surely coming, hallelujah!

High upon the snow-capped mountains have
 been set her starry feet.
All the hillsides wait her coming, decked with
 blossoms rare and sweet,
And, behold, where in the Lowlands, Faith has
 built her temple meet.
Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah!

Lo the nations wait her coming, they have set
 the gates ajar.
Hearts of men with joy are bounding, as they
 hail her from afar;
Men the toilers, men the strivers, these shall
 draw her shining car.
Peace is coming, surely coming, hallelujah!

Yes, the gates ajar are standing, wide and
 wider let them swing!
"Arbitration! arbitration!" loud and louder
 let it ring!
Oh, America, my country, lead the nations
 Peace to bring!
Peace is coming, coming, coming, hallelujah!

Sing the Passing Year

YES, "sing the passing years,"
 Sing of their smiles and tears,
 Sing their delights and fears;
 Fit subjects these for song.
 Swiftly they come and go,
 Freighted with weal and woe;
 With joy to crown the right and sorrow for
 the wrong.

How much of blessing one short year can bring!
 How much of grief be shadowed 'neath its wing!
 How, as the wheel of time its circle turns,
 The human heart each needed lesson learns!
 A day, a year, alas, how quickly past!
 A smile, a tear, a memory at last,—
 Yet, oh the possibilities that wait
 Between life's morning and its evening gate!

Yes, sing the passing years. Could I unfold
 The scroll whereon is writ
 The story of some simple life we know,
 That scroll, unrolled,
 A complex tapestry would show
 Wherein all colors flit.

Its words and deeds,
Thoughts more profound than creeds,
Emotions deeper than thought's plummets
sound

In infinites profound—

Crossed threads of purpose woven to and
fro,

Kind impulse darkened by a thread of sin,
Dark counsels brightened by the love within,
Joy, light and gladness, crossed by fear and
strife,
A checkered pattern weave upon the scroll
of life.

Yet sing the passing years, though they be
brief,

Like quickly withered grass and falling leaf,
Life's content is the measure of our day,
Not what the hands upon the dial say.
Heart throbs of sympathy, pulse-beats of love
Measure our days as they are known above;
And long ago a sage this truth expressed,
"Who liveth longest?—he who liveth best."

Sing all the passing years.

Not youth or age

Shall claim its own the goodliest heritage.

Morning of youth
 Undimmed by falling tears,
 Without a cloud foreshadowing future fears.
 Noontide of manhood with its meed of toil,
 Hardships from which the strongest hearts recoil,
 Heartaches and gladness, quiet and turmoil;

Then life's calm sunset hour,
 Of life the crown and flower,
 When Faith, the eye of truth,
 Beyond the sunset land,
 Through vistas grand,
 Sees Heavenly vales expand,
 Sees mountains, glory crowned, that rise
 Into the shining skies
 Of paradise.

Life's mystery we only understand
 When we have learned "all years are in His
 hand."
 Sing all the passing years, for all are in His
 hand.
 How beautiful that one short year can give
 Such length of life when we for others live!
 Life holds for us no sweeter word in store
 Than—live for love so shalt thou live the
 more,

Yes, sing the passing years, the angels sing
above,

When days are filled with goodness, joy and
love.

The clock of time runs down, love doth not
cease,

And ever onward is the march of peace.

The passing years will flame and fade away,

But Love unbars the gates of endless day.

Daffodil

LISTEN, the south wind is calling,
“Daffodil, Daffodil,”

Sunshine around thee is falling,—

Look up, my Daffodil.

Come, from thy lowly bed,

Lift up thy golden head,

Blessing and beauty shed

On my heart, Daffodil.

Birds from the southward come flying,

Singing to Daffodil,

Still 'neath the sod thou art lying,—

Waken, my Daffodil.

Rise in thy beauty bright,
Rise on my longing sight,
Rise, O my heart's delight,
Rise, O my Daffodil.

Long enough thou hast been sleeping,
Daffodil, Daffodil,
Round thee the grasses come peeping,
Searching for Daffodil.

Come, O my golden one,
Robed like the noon-day sun,
Stern winter's reign is done,
Wait no more, Daffodil.

Rain drops like diamonds are falling,
Deck thee, dear Daffodil.
Voices of nature are calling,
Answer, sweet Daffodil.

Spring in thy grace divine,
Spring from the earth and shine,
Thou art my sweetheart, mine,
Daffodil, Daffodil.

On Leaving California

O GOLDEN California,
Thou hast won my heart's true love,
Fair are thy valleys and mountains,
And bright is thy sky above.

I have quaffed of the wine of pleasure
Thou hast poured in my cup of bliss,
O, gracious California,
No gift from thy hand I miss.

Men talk of wealth that is hidden
In folds of thy mantling hills;
But richer gold is the sunshine
Thy cerulean sky distils.

Where the sungod's shining arrows
Strike down to the waiting earth,
They bear the soul of the poppy,
And thy golden flower has birth.

For thee, O California,
The balmiest breezes blow;
For thee both orchard and meadow
The best of their gifts bestow;

For thee 'neath the lofty mountain
The wealth of the mine is stored;
For thee, O California,
The oil and the wine are poured.

O, happy California;
From the southern Mexic land,
To where thy northern giant peaks
Round great King Shasta stand;

From thy grand snow-crowned Sierras
To tides of thy sunset sea,
O, happy California,
I joy in the thought of thee.

Red Bluff

I SAW you but in passing,
Red Bluff, Red Bluff.
But just that little moment
Was enough, enough;
And I feel that now I know you
Just as well, as well
As I had known you always,
Strange to tell.

For in that little moment
 I did see, did see
 Some things that evermore
 Must make you dear to me.
 White roses climbing o'er a wall,
 A little child at play;
 A daughter given welcome
 By a mother old and gray;
 An orchard and a garden
 Such as I used to know
 When life was in the springtime,
 And wheels of time more slow.

So, though 'twas but a moment,
 O, Red Bluff, Red Bluff,
 And such a little moment,
 'Twas enough, enough;
 And I shall feel I know you
 Just as well, as well
 As I had known you always,
 Strange to tell.

Where Away?

A LITTLE sail, so white and frail,
Where away? where away?

“The sea, the sea is calling me,
There away, there away.”

Oh why not stay in land-locked bay,
Here away, here away?

“The sea is vast, but I have cast
Fear away, fear away.”

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O soul of mine, what path is thine?
Where away? where away?

Wilt sail some day from land-locked bay
There away, there away?

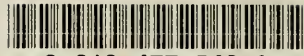
“Over the bar, the harbor bar
Near away, near away,

“Love’s sea is vast and I have cast
Fear away, fear away.”



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